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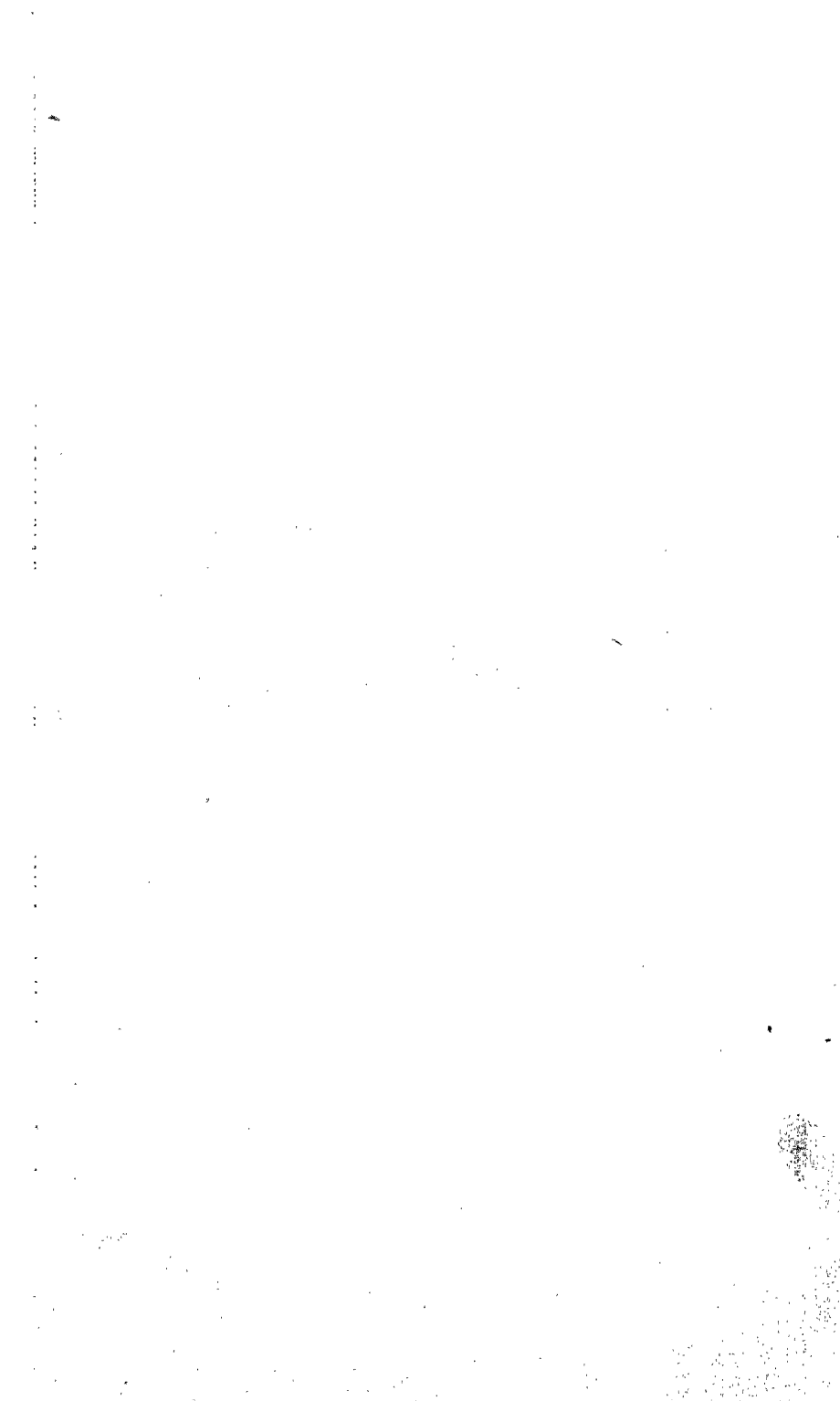
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Edited by

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W. G. ARCHER
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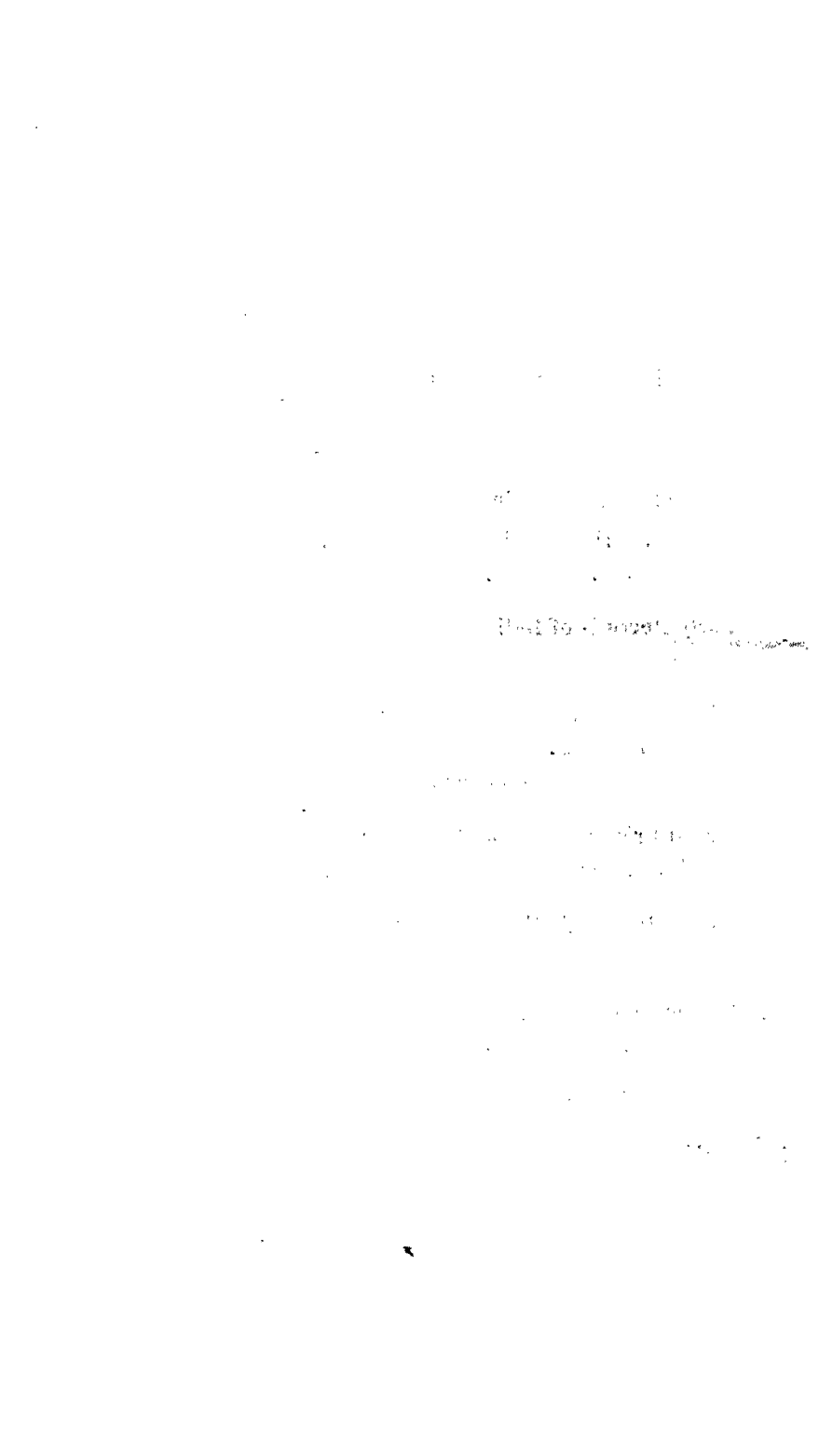
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COMMENT

French, American, Dutch and Russian ethnologists have long recognized the significance of dancing in the lives of non-industrialized peoples and have actively promoted its study. The Musée Guimet and the Musée de l'Homme in Paris, as well as the privately supported Archives de la Danse, welcome and organize demonstrations of dancing, dance films and musical records from all parts of the world. In America demonstrations of exotic dances, Indian, African and American, form a regular part of the New York dance programme, and the Ethnological Museum takes an active part in this, and provides a theatre. Such Indian dancers as have appeared in England and drawn large audiences have been a purely commercial venture, and no interest has been shown in them by any public body. The English Folk Dance Society which through its International Congresses has done so much to strengthen the cultural bonds between European nations, has hitherto confined itself to Europe, but is beginning to feel the importance of comparisons and relationships between our European traditions of folk-dancing and those even in the Far East. A study of the many forms of dance in India and in all the countries whose culture came under the influence of India and is deeply rooted in her traditions, is clearly of the utmost importance ethnologically, and as a demonstration of cultural sympathy of quite inestimable value.

It was with a view to such a study that in 1934 and the following year I made a journey to Java, Bali, Cambodgia, Siam, Burma, Ceylon and India, and though I have only published the result of my study in Bali, where I spent a long time in the following years, my book, *Dance and Drama in Bali*, was recognized by Indians as the first contribution to a serious study of Indian dancing, so closely are the traditions related.

Dance in India is a living illustration to archaeology, and an epitome of the arts and religious life. Much of the best sculpture is of dancing figures, and the temple of Belur, in the province of Mysore, which contains one of the finest dance sculpture in the

world, has written records describing how the queen of a former dynasty herself danced in the temple, as an offering to God, as the young men and women of Bali do today. The province of Mysore has one of the greatest dance traditions in India, and at the marriage of the late Maharaja I was told by the old director of the archaeological museum that there were five days of dance tournament. At the marriage of the Yuvaraja's son, which I attended in 1938, a Russian woman did a few perfunctory Indian dances and a peroxide blonde from Vienna performed jazz. Yet there are still, neglected, some marvellous dancers, and the art would spring again to life if interest were shown in it.

The famous bronzes of the dancing Shiva have a living counterpart in certain great Indian dancers to-day, as for instance, Uday Shankar and Ram Gopal; and in the great temple of Chidambaram, in Southern India, which is entirely covered with the sculptured postures of Shiva as dancer, his creative dance is still performed once a year. It is essential that dancing should play an important part in any Indian exhibition and that the dancers should be authentic and the best. La Meri and Ragini Devi, who produce Indian and Javanese dances in New York, and certainly do much in opening people's eyes to their meaning and beauty, are American, and judging from my experience of them, can never become anything else, however accomplished in technique. I am in close touch with Ram Gopal who danced in England at the beginning of the war, and whose Javanese partner, Retna Mohini, married to a Frenchman, is still in Paris and has recently given a remarkable performance at the Archives de la Danse. Ram Gopal has described to me in a letter the intensive training to which he has devoted himself in India during the war, where he has been a revelation to many of our soldiers. He has worked with some of the finest masters in India, some of them very old men, and I should like to get his assistance in building up a body of representative Indian dancers, from all parts of India: Malabar, Tanjore, Orissa. Assam, Manipur, including one or two of the famous northern Kathak dancers. There is no doubt that such an undertaking would have enthusiastic support. It would be important to take sound-films of tribal dances and certain court dances, which could not be transported, but which would throw light on more sophisticated forms, and are sometimes

of special interests as embodying singular aspects of the familiar epic themes. drawn from the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana*, which are danced throughout India and the Further Eastern countries which came under her influence.

BERYL DE ZOETE

TOURS IN THE BALIPARA FRONTIER TRACT, ASSAM

BY J P. MILLS

I

7 May—16 June 1945

7 May—*To Gauhati*—I left Shillong after lunch, my bearer, Rohimudin, having gone ahead with the baggage. The car which took me down the hill was old, rattly and stuffy, but it rained so hard at Nongpoh, the half-way halt, that I had to sit miserably inside it to eat my tea. Just after we left the hills I noticed a lot of mushrooms. Oddly enough they (and toadstools) are called 'frog's umbrellas' in Bengali.

I got to Noel Hinley's hospitable bungalow just as the half past five news started. The German Foreign Minister has announced an unconditional surrender, and an official announcement from the Allies is expected hourly. On the strength of the news Noel and I had some liqueur brandy after dinner. Towards midnight a sudden and violent storm got up, and before I could get out of bed to shut doors and windows things were blown off tables and even the mats were blown across the floor.

8 May—*To Charduar*.—The great news came through before breakfast and I set off in high spirits. We had to cross the Brahmaputra and the Gurkha driver of my Assam Rifles truck, very fortunately entirely devoid of nerves, drove it on and off the ferry over two narrow planks without turning a hair. I had a word with the Assamese hawkers on the bank before we started again, and noticed that pictures of Indian film stars are rapidly ousting those of nationalist heroes as decorations for their little stalls. Then off we went. Little boys cheered and gave the Victory sign as we passed (Heaven knows how they heard the news), the grass was emerald green, flowering trees were in full bloom everywhere, and mushrooms were to be had for the gathering. While I was picking some on a little village football ground the locals looked on astonished. They said no one had ever eaten such things 'because they were bad,' but when I told them we ate them in England and had to pay a good price for them they began to think there might be something in it after all and asked for hints on cooking.

The Political Officer, Mr. Imdad Ali, met me at Charduar and we had tea on the top verandah, looking out over the park-like maidan, with the cloud-topped mountains beyond. For the half past seven news we went to the bungalow of Mr. McWilliam, a neighbouring planter. England seemed very near. There we sat—Colonel and Mrs Booth, Imdad Ali, our host and myself—in a huge perfectly furnished English drawing room and heard Churchill announce the end of the war in Europe and the crowds in London cheering. No one spoke much, and our celebration was a whisky and soda drunk very quietly. We shall none of us ever forget this evening.

9 May—We spent the day at Charduar packing stores etc. into 56lb. loads ready for the start to-morrow. For fresh air and exercise I looked for mushrooms, and anyone I saw immediately assisted. These volunteers naturally thought that anyone mad enough to eat fungus would eat any fungus, and to avoid an unpleasant form of death it was necessary to examine contributions to the bag rather carefully. The orchids growing wild on trees all over the station are lovely. Like so many other things, if they did not happen to be common they would be greatly prized.

10 May—*To Foothills Camp.*—The day when the tour really begins. An Assam Rifles truck, which we were to see again, went off in the morning with much of the heavy kit. I packed early and had plenty of time to read in the paper which came to-day details of Germany's unconditional surrender on the 7th.

After lunch we set off in a small procession on the 28-mile journey to Foothills Camp. The first half of the procession was an ancient Ford vanette containing Imdad Ali and myself, and the second half an Assam Rifles Dodge truck, with servants and baggage. The road first led past tea gardens, and then plunged into the great belt of uninhabited jungle which stretches for hundreds of miles along the foot of the Eastern Himalays. The road got worse and worse as we went on.

Spares have been virtually undoubtable for three years, and all good mechanics have been absorbed into the Army. It is therefore not surprising that the venerable Ford broke down three times. The first time we were lucky, for we had just met a Road Overseer whose car had for long needed running repairs every

five miles. Naturally he was an expert at reviving dead engines, and we were soon spluttering along again. The next stop was more serious and the third practically final, for the Dodge had to push us from behind. As luck would have it we soon came on the morning truck, across the road and hopelessly stuck in the mud. The gallant Dodge pulled her out, we seized her and abandoned the Ford, but we finally arrived more or less triumphantly in camp. It is a pleasant spot, with the Belsiri river in front of my tent and wooded hills beyond. We should have settled in quicker if my bearer had not been one of those people who much prefer helping other people with their jobs to doing their own. After dinner the chatter of the porters at last died down, a wild elephant trumpeted in the far distance, and we all went to sleep.

11 May—*To Pestiferous Camp.*—We were called at five and by seven we were off on our fee. the only conveyance we shall have for a month. About 100 porters came with us, most of them carrying rations for posts and for themselves on their long journey. For two and a half hours we followed the bed of the Belsiri, the track crossing and recrossing it by so-called bridges consisting of two or three slippery saplings with no hand-rail. Having nearly fallen off the first bridge I forded the other crossings. The moment we left the sunshine of the valley we plunged in to a Green Hell of dense evergreen jungle, full of swirling mist and dripping so constantly that it was difficult to know when it was raining and when it was not. We were beginning our attack on the outer range of the Himalayas, which catches the full force of the monsoon. This deep belt of jungle is entirely uninhabited, for no human beings could live in the awful climate. Even flowers and birds are scarce. The track, which is simply that of the tribesmen of the inner ranges who visit the plains in the cold weather, paid no regard whatever to counters. We just struggled up for five thousand exhausting feet, and eventually arrived at our well-named camp. It was not for nothing that we had sent our tents on ahead, for it was only in the semi darkness inside them that we were safe from dim-dams. Outside these blood-sucking flies settled on one in swarms, causing the most maddening irritation. Some people get severe swelling from a single dim-dam bite, but luckily I am not badly affected. At sunset they all retire to lick their chops and dream of the

TOURS IN THE BALIPARA FRONTIER TRACT, ASSAM 7

morrow's victims. Our servants soon had dinner cooked on the footplate of an old Singer sewing-machining and we slept reasonably well.

12 May—*To Bompū La Camp*—Our second day's journey across the outer forest range. To-morrow we are due to cross the Bompū La ("la" is the Tibetan word for a pass) and reach drier and inhabited country. The day opened with a mass attack by enormous horseflies while I was trying to shave and dress. It is difficult to shave and flap at flies at the same time, but a stab from a large horsefly is apt to make one cut oneself badly. We were away at seven again. In this forest country the toils ahead are mercifully veiled from the traveller, and we just went on and on for two hours up to the top of an 8000 foot range. There were some old sheds and some porters we overtook soon got a fire going with bits of dry bamboo and partly dried my soaking vest and bushshirt. We then followed the track along the range, in the usual alternate mist and rain. A striking sight to come on was a lovely little stone shrine, set up by Buddhist travellers, with roughly inscribed stone slabs eternally uttering to the wilderness the sacred words 'Om Mane Padmi Ho.' For hours we followed this track to our camp at 7600 feet, the jungle gradually changing in type as we went on. The dense undergrowth of the lower levels gave place to small bamboo, and then these disappeared and there was only a brilliant green carpet of ferns round the roots of giant hemlocks. Fire begonias were common. The leeches changed their tactics to day. Yesterday they went for my legs; to day they crawled up my walking-stick and bit my hand. This camp, like Pestiferous, is a sea of mud, and the chief function of the sodden mat on my tent floor is to prevent the legs of my bed sinking into the ground when I lie on it. It is unpleasantly cold and I have not seen the sun all day. I am quite ashamed to think that down at Charduar I grumbled at it and sat in the shade.

13 May—*To Rupa*.—The morning broke gloriously fine. For two hours we climbed up the bed of a crystal clear stream, past magnolas and rhododendron trees, of which a lovely white scented parasitic species, a scarlet, and a pale cream with leaves bronze under-neath were in flower. One tree which must have deep snow at the roots throughout every winter bore clusters of orchids. The pass, at 9600 feet, was in a grove of the cream rhododendrons,

and from it we could see the plains of Assam and the Brahmaputra to the South and snow-streaked mountains to the North. The moment we began to descend the North face we found ourselves in a different world. The dreaded beginning of the monsoon was transformed into Spring, and the dark evergreen jungle in which we had struggled so long gave place to conifers, birches, yews and oaks. Even the rhododendrons changed, the scarlet species becoming far more common, and another fine white species appearing. For three hours we dropped, till we reached the Dunup Ko river and the fields of Tonti village, known hearsay to the Assamese as Rupa. Thence we went down the valley, through boulders and bracken, to the village at the junction of the Dunub Ko and Dupla Ko, where the commandar of the Assam Rifles post, four local chiefs and three tribal interpreters met us. To welcome me the men of the Assam Rifles had planted literally banks of pink orchids round the camp. I have never felt like film star before.

14 May—While preparations were being made for the afternoon's celebrations I removed myself to try and catch a fish in the Dupla Ko and to see something of the country. The Tonji, as the people of Tonti are called, belong to a very small tribe inhabiting only the villages of Tonti and Senti, further up the valley of the Dupla Ko. They are Buddhists, and a *gompa* (temple) stands in the middle of the stone built houses of Tonti. The valley is like a Highland glen, with little straths of sandy soil, and is completely shut off from the world by ten thousand foot ranges rising almost sheer. One notices the complete absence of sparrows, mynas and crows, and of the common foreign weeds which have smothered so much of the land elsewhere in the Assam hills.

On return to camp I was met by a deputation from another very small tribe, the Nigye. In appearance they are very like the Tonji, but they are Animists. Every nation has its own idea of beauty. I obtained from a lady of the party her vanity set consisting of a bamboo tube of black pigment which she used as a lipstick and applied to her cheeks in a lozenge pattern by means of a little wooden stamp.

Unfortunately rain set in as the sports started in the afternoon, but we all enjoyed ourselves, and Assam Rifles, Gurkhalis porters and Tonji all joined in, the last winning a notable victory in the tug-of-war.

15 May—It rained all day till tea time and I was occupied with official business. In view of the flooded rivers we decided to postpone our departure to-morrow.

16 May—Imdad Ali and I spent a most interesting morning in the village. The temple is the most notable building and we were shown round it, or rather up and down it, for it is four stories high, and the staircases from floor to floor consist of notched logs, which are by no means easy to negotiate in the almost pitch darkness. On the first floor is the shrine, with a veiled image of the Buddha, all very dirty, and on top floor are masks of the kind familiar to any reader of books on Tibetan travel. In the courtyard of the temple the usual ceremonial scarve of Chinese muslin were placed round our necks and we sat on gaudy saddle cloths and consumed rice beer from handsome silver cups and cubes of some substance made from curdled milk, which looked like fudge and tasted of nothing in particular.

From the temple we went to the house of one of the chiefs. Ponies and cattle live in the 'basement,' above which is the very large living room, almost pitch dark as a protection against dim-dams. There, in the light from a doorway, I was shown the most ingenious local fishing tackle. No hook is used. A line of knotted white horse-hairs, said to be invisible in water, is attached to a bamboo rod about 15 feet long. There is a weight at the end of the horse-hair line and a few inches above the weight there is a noose, to which is tied a piece of an iris root said to smell like roe. The weight is slung gently out and worked down stream in fairly fast run. A fish coming to the bait gets the noose behind its gills, and is played till exhausted. There being no reel an angler usually takes a friend with him who helps to keep the fish under control by throwing in stones ahead of it if it tries to run. I am assured that large numbers of fish up to three or four pounds are caught in this way, and that it is quite impossible to catch any on a hook.

On high days and holidays the Tonji chiefs wear short coats of exquisite Chinese silk, but the ordinary dress is long trousers and a cloth wrapped criss-cross across the body, all of very dirty coarse Assamese silk imported from the plains. The almost universal headdress is a pudding basin of black yak felt, usually with a white cockade at the side. The women also to protect their legs from

dim-dams wear long trousers, and envelope themselves in a long, shapeless wrap. The Nigye dress is much the same, except that the men wear gaiters attached to blue bead garters, and round their heads cylenders of white bamboo spathe which look exactly like coronets of toilet paper.

17 May—*To Bomdi La Camp.*—Being unable to carry rations for more than a very few professional porters we had to rely on Tibetan ponies and local talent, both Tonji and Nigye. As was to be expected there was some confusion over the distribution of loads, but we were soon away, crossing the Dupla Ko by an excellent cantilever bridge of enormous pine logs. The ponymen ought to have carried the loads across the bridge, which was unsuitable for ponies, and loaded their animals on the other side. Instead they drove them straight into the river, and as the water came well above the yak hair girths a few loads got wet. But after that all went well, and we made excellent progress, I was interested to see how kindly the ponies were treated, being carefully rested on all the steep climbs and controlled entirely by the voice.

The path led over a low pass into the valley of the Dikong Ko and up it to 7000 feet. There we left the stream and climbed another thousand feet or more to a pretty cold camp in the forest. Rather surprisingly the jungle was not coniferous, but rain forest. Presumably some of the monsoon clouds hit this South face, deep in the hills though it is. Except for the white parasitic rhododendrons far overhead the forest was flowerless. Probably insufficient sunshine reaches the ground. Immense branchless holes soar up from an undergrowth of dwarf bamboo and you walk on the soft leaf mould of ages under a lofty ceiling of green in which innumerable birds, some perhaps unknown to science call but never show themselves.

We were in good time and by evening bundles of bamboo leaves had been cut for fodder, the Nigye were making baskets from cane they had cut on the way, the Tonji were watching their cooking pot with intretes, and a woman, sitting on a deer-skin, was weaving a most elaborately patterned garter on a little tension loom stretched between her waist and her toes. The pony bells tinkled as they grazed, there were bursts of laughter coming from every group and I decided to stop writing and have a drink.

18 May—*To Rahung*.—To-day we crossed the Bomdi La pass over the ten thousand foot range which might be called the trade watershed between Assam to the South and Tibet to the North. Salt is the one necessity of life which does not exist in this vast mountain country. Villages to the South of the Bomdi La get their supplies from Assam, and those to the North from Tibet. Similarly to the South of the range Assamese silk is made up into garments, while to the North, Tibetan woollen cloth, dyed maroon with wild madder, is the almost universal wear. In other words, though we had not crossed the international boundary, at Rahung we found ourselves on the fringe of Tibet. It is only the fringe, for Rahung still adheres to the animism which long antedates Buddhism though with charming broad-mindedness a Lama from a neighbouring Buddhist village is always called in to perform the necessary incantations if the crops show signs of failing. The crops are wheat, barley and maize grown on the hillsides and the little straths below. I watched two men using a curious plough with a wooden blade. A pair of hybrid cattle and domestic bison carried a light yoke of enormous length, in the middle of which one of the ploughmen both steered and helped by pushing, while the other guided the plough.

19 May—*To Dirang Dzong*.—A notable day, but a long one. Eight hours on the road, finishing up with a series of ceremonies, is no joke. I felt my smile was getting a little forced at the end.

The road was through pleasant pine country along a steep slope, with the rapids of the Digien river several hundred feet below. A lovely sight was a rock covered with large orange orchids with brown velvet centres, and there were gentians sprinkled on the short grass.

As no gentleman walks in Tibet—in which we are to all intents and purposes—and ponies had been very kindly sent us by the leading men of Dirang Dzong I rode a good deal of the way. I did not ride it all, firstly because the path was atrociously bad, and secondly because the saddle was atrociously uncomfortable. It was of wood, on which were laid saddle cloths of gorgeous hue, and it and the harness were attached to each other and the pony by an intricate network of thin leather straps in the last stages of decay. The stirrup leathers, in the last hole, were a foot too short and the saddle was too small and curved up sharply fore and aft. I therefore did not anticipate that the skin on my tail bone would survive

long, and I was right. Assisted into the saddle by the polite heaves which Tibetan etiquette enjoins I started. A 'groom' grasped a halter and nonchalantly and with never a glance behind him, proceeded to lead my steed along the extreme edge of the cliff path over rocks which would have troubled an ordinary goat. Not till I realised that Tibetan ponies never put a foot wrong did I really feel at ease.

As we approached Dirang Dzong officials of the monastic hierarchy met us at carefully graded intervals, the rule being that the higher the official the shorter the distance he came. Tongues were politely put out and bitten, and I soon lost count of the muslin scarves which were ceremoniously put round my neck. The local band and two banner bearers were early on the scene. A drum and a pair of cymbals marked the time and the main noise was produced by two boys blowing small copper and brass trumpets set with coral and turquoise. Their nether garments were very dirty maroon robes, but they wore on their heads rather attractive lemon yellow silk hats, rather of the shape of those worn by the Seven Dwarfs in 'Snow White'. Two more trumpeters similarly clad completed the orchestra, but they had less to do, as their trumpets were so enormous that it was necessary to rest one end on a rock or other convenient support to blow them. Their owners could therefore only perform at the numerous ceremonial halts. For the rest of the time they carried their fearsome instruments shut up like telescopes and slung on their backs.

Thus, each preceded by a banner, Imdad and I went on our way. Just outside the village, saddle-cloths had been laid out for us, with another banner stuck in the ground behind, and a bowl of maize flour as an emblem of good fortune on a low table in front. Here we had to sit and make polite conversation for a few minutes but I felt that we, sweaty and tired as we were, compared unfavourably in appearance with the gentlemen in Chinese silk robes and saucy gold lacquer hats who flanked us. Tea was welcome when we at last reached camp. We gave the parched band and their friends half a bucket of rum and water.

20 May—*Whit Sunday*—Took a day off. Two monastic officials known as the Talung Dzongpons called. The cut-throat who attended them was clearly determined to protect himself against all dangers,

both temporal and spiritual, and carried a revolver on one hip and on the other a portable image of the Buddha in a silver case rather like that of a travelling clock.

21 *May*— To-day sports, archery and Tibetan dancing. The notables sat with me, and all round stood a maroon-clad concourse of people far from sure what was going to happen, but determined to enjoy it whatever it was. When the fun began dignitaries of the Buddhist church guffawed and rocked and wiped their eyes alike at the comic turns and at the tug-of-war, which was won by a local team of mountaineers amid scenes of great enthusiasm. The archery was poor, but the Tibetan dances excellent. They did not just go on and on, as so many oriental dances do, but were ballets with a story. The music was provided by the local band augmented for the occasion, and the dancers were all men. The first dance was a story of a king, two goddesses and two fishermen. The fishermen wore cloth masks attached to enormous shaggy wigs evidently the traditional dress for the parts. In the second ballet two hunters and two dogs hunted a sacred yak. The yak was a pantomime horse, appropriately modified, with two men inside and an image of the protecting goddess on its back. Both hunters and dogs wore dark wooden masks, which were masterpieces of subtly grotesque carving. Then came a devil dance, designed to frighten away evil spirits. Two men in nightmare masks leapt and capered while the great bass trumpets boomed. It was all most eerie and effective. I gave away some small prizes and so ended an afternoon which will be long remembered here.

22 *May*—To-day we went to Dirang Dzong village to return calls and see the headmen. Imdad Ali told me that a strict Muslim ought to pull out an eyelash every time he sees a pig, as his eye is defiled thereby but that he had decided not to follow this custom. If he had he would have looked vary odd by the time we had finished our round, for pigs were to be seen wallowing every few yards.

The monastic officials received me in a most pleasant room, with a painted Buddhist shrine all down one side, and sacred banners on the walls. I had already been shown the heads of a goral, a serow, and a takin got near here, and over drinks the talk naturally turned to big game. In the course of conversation the Chhanju,

the senior monastic official and a most intelligent man, told me an extraordinary story. He said he had himself seen the skin and horns of a species of gigantic wild cattle, which he called 'drong'. It was certainly not a bison or wild yak, for he is familiar with both. According to the story he had heard drong are found in the far north of Tibet. The journey from Lhasa is so long that it takes a traveller a year to go and return, and for seven days he must cross a waterless desert so flat that sitting by his camp fire a man may look back and see that gleaming embers of the fire of the night before. Drong wander in large herds and the wild tribes there live entirely on their flesh. The tale is doubtless embroidered, but it is so circumstantial that I feel there may be something in it. After all it relates to one of the least known parts of the world.

23 May—The Chauju and his colleague the Chhipa came to say good-bye, as they propose to leave for the North to-morrow. The Chbauju was wearing a pair of glasses which he had bought quite casually in Lhasa. He only wanted them to protect his eyes from the wind, and made no effort to see that the lenses suited him. I told him he was endangering his eyesight and promised to try and get him a pair of goggles.

At midday an apparently endless stream of porters and yak—cattle hybrids, called *dzoz*, began to come in with loads of rice from Bhutan. A *dzoz* looks as if he had come out of a Book of Comic Beasts. A mild cow's head is stuck on to a yak's body, with very low clearance and a yak's tail behind, supported on rather stumpy cow's legs. But they are excellent transport animals. The porters were all bow-legged, and no wonder. Their normal load is 160 lbs., and with it they cover anything up to 15 miles a day over almost precipitous gradients.

24 May—To-day we visited a village called Sangti. The path was up a delightful open valley along the bank of a perfect trout stream—except that it holds no trout. Perhaps it will be stocked from Kashmir some day. The kingfishers flashing up and down the stream were English, and so was the view of open fields and trees fringing the water. The village was not. The usual blaring temple band met us, and we were conducted through a gate house with a gaily painted ceiling built over the path some distance from the village. The village, as usual, was built on either side of

a stream which turned prayer wheels and flour mills. I secured the head of a takin killed in the mountains two days journey to the North. This, I believe, is a completely new area for this rare animal.

26 May—We were getting ready to leave to-morrow when a letter arrived to say some high Tibetan officials were on our way to meet us. The letter, sent from village to village, was beautifully written in Tibetan on bark paper and wrapped round a thin stick with a feather at one end symbolising an arrow, with the speed of which the relays of messengers were enjoined to carry it. We shall have to hang about here and await these visitors.

27 May—Sunday.

We went across the river to a little village called Chepjang pleasantly situated amid fields of wheat and barley, in which harvesting was going on. The weather being wet the ears were plucked one by one by hand; the ordinary method is to set fire to the crop! The ears fall to the ground and are gathered unharmed with the awns, which gives trouble when threshing, burnt off. Samson and his three hundred foxes may therefore have done the Philistines a good turn, though they certainly did not look at the matter in that light. At Chepjang I saw a Tibetan tea mixer. It was a long wooden cylinder, about six inches in diameter, fitted with a loose piston. You pour the tea in first, add butter, and mix by working the piston up and down. The smell is pretty frightful, but the tea is said to be not too unpleasant once you are used to it. Perhaps it was the smell which attracted the flies. I've never seen so many in my life, but I didn't like to swat them. As it is the 4th month of Tibetan year, (This year has the charming name of wood bird year; last year was monkey year), and nothing may be killed in it. Presumably the people one sees sitting about delousing their clothes by hand are not very strict Buddhists.

28 May.—In the morning we got ready for our distinguished visitors, and our little dining room looked quite gay with borrowed Tibetan rugs. One or two of which I should dearly have liked to have owned.

A herald arrived with a scarf wrapped in the usual bark paper, and he was soon followed by the Tosna Dzongpons, who of course rode right up to the door, where they dismounted, shook hands,

and placed the usual scarves round our necks. They, and a few senior members of their motely retinue, was shown to seats in the dining room, the rest being accommodated in a tent outside. The two Dzongpons jointly admit a large area of Tibet to the North of us, and as usual one is a monk and one a layman. The senior Dzongpon, the monk, wore a robe of plum coloured Chinese silk over a yellow silk doubtlet, and his conical hat was scarlet with a tall jewelled spike. His nails were very long, indicating his high rank, and were also very dirty. His junior was more soberly dressed in a black robe edged with turquoise blue, and on his head he wore a very shabby grey homburg hat—the almost universal headgear of Tibetan gentlemen. From his left ear hung a turquoise pendant as long as a pencil, divided in the middle by an enormous pearl. The retinue included several officials who have met me during the last few days in full regalia, but to-day they had exchanged their finery for their oldest clothes out of respect to their betters. I hardly recognised some of them—they seemed literally to have shrunk. Fine feathers do indeed make fine birds.

The Tsona Dzongpons had come to discuss matters of mutual interest, but it would have been most ill bred to have come to the point at once. So we made conversation through an interpreter, while little bowls (borrowed) of neat rice spirit were handed round. The moment anyone takes a sip the bowl must be filled again. The junior Dzongpon drank very little, and the senior nothing at all, though he accepted the drink in the usual way by dipping his finger in it and flicking two drops on the floor and one over his shoulder. But the hangers-on imbibed freely, and got more and more garrulous, constantly interrupting serious discussions in a way no one appeared to think rude. After about three hours of this we were all beginning to wilt a little and the Dzongpons, who were clearly getting irritated by the interrupters, asked if they could come and see me alone to-morrow. They had brought us presents, and went off beaming with delight at our rather unromantic return gift of a tin of kerosene oil, which is very rare commodity indeed in Tibet outside Lhasa.

29 May.—To-day the Dzongpons arrived in the morning and firmly left all their followers waiting outside. The monk wore a

TOURS IN THE BALIPARA FRONTIER TRACT, ASSAM 17

maroon silk sleeveless coat over a deep gold silk robe. The layman had decided to brighten up his sombre costume and wore a bright red sash round his waist, with a very large bow to match on the end of his very long pigtail. One could only call his face exceptionally plain and the contrast of the girlish back view was ridiculously funny. Again we began with polite general conversation, in the course of which I referred to our Victory Celebrations. They had certainly not heard of our victory, and possibly not even of the war. On hearing of our victory the layman produced a scarf from nowhere like a rabbit from a hat and popped it round my neck. Tibetan officials must carry scarves concealed on their persons for use in emergencies. Another remarkable thing is the method of writing. Apparently tables or desks are never used, for when the layman had to take notes he held a piece of bark paper on the palm of his left hand, and wrote on it very neatly and slowly with a bamboo pen dipped in a bottle of fountain pen-ink provided by me.

Our visitors bade us farewell before lunch and my afternoon was a frankly idle one.

30 May.—A long day. We started for a visit to a village called Namshi at seven and got back for a late tea. The path led up to about 7000 feet and then through delightful oak forest, with delicious raspberries and a few wild strawberries in the open glades. I saw *lilium giganteum* and someone had thrown down by the path some blossoms of a lovely scented lily, white with a plum coloured centre, but I could not find a plant. The villagers, who were very pleasant and friendly, have a temple which is the oldest I have seen. The Lama is changed every three years, and the present one is a youth, who soon got over his shyness and courteously showed me round, quelling the temple bank so that I could ask questions. It was most interesting, the wooden pillars being copies of very early Hindu stone pillars. In front of the shrine of the Buddha was a row of cones of some dark flour mixed with butter, and attached to them were ornaments of flowers and foliage most beautifully modelled in pure butter. These decorations are kept for a week and then replaced with fresh ones, the old ones being eaten by the Lama and the temple staff. Our return journey was remarkable for the masses of blue iris which covered the

ground under the oak trees. We had noticed the plants when we passed in the morning, but not a flower was to be found. Apparently the flowers only last a day and the cones for to-day did not come out till after we had passed.

31 *May*.—Spent the day sorting and packing loads for our move to-morrow. I shan't be sorry to leave Dirangdzong, and especially the bamboo shanty in which I have been living. A constant wind blows through the holes in the wall which serve as windows, and boring-insects in the roof deposit a film of wood dust over everything.

1 *June*.—*To Manda La Camp*.—On the road again at last, and the best road I have struck, simply because the villagers keep it up for monastic officials who use it every year. It was reasonably graded and we were able to ride a good deal of the way. As our ponies were led, in accordance with Tibetan custom, it mattered not at all that Imdad's had neither bit nor bridle, and mine only a bridle attached to the headstall. At about 7500 feet we got into evergreen forest, with mud so bad that we had to send our ponies back. We plodded up through the usual drenching mist and swarms of savage sandflies to our camp in a little natural clearing at over 8000 feet. The swarms of flying beetles which rep'aced the sandflies at night sent us to bed early. Poor Imdad found a leech in his bedroom slipper when he put his toe into it.

One incident deserves notice. As we were leaving camp, with baggage ponies and men and women porters, I noticed that a pony's load was badly balanced. I had it taken off and found the load on one side was considerably heavier than on the other. A woman porter standing by immediately volunteered to take the heavier load and give the pony her lighter one, a good example of the regard these people have for their animals.

2 *June*.—*To Phudung*.—We crossed the range at over 10,000 feet the usual collection of little prayer flags on sticks marking the summit of the pass. Soon after leaving camp we got into the most magnificent forest I have ever seen. Thousands of giant hemlocks towered up to an immense height, and under them were rhododendrons, some of which—white, scarlet and pink—were still in bloom. On the downward journey to Phudung another wonderful sight awaited us. We suddenly left the misty forest

and came out on to a sunlit meadow literally carpeted with wild strawberries, and with a view of mountains and gorges which made one feel about as important as an ant.

Phudung is the most impoverished, miserable village I have seen on this tour. The fields are so stony that one marvels that any crops can grow, and every man, woman, and child suffers from goitre. But nowhere have I seen more smiles or a readier response to a little sympathy.

3 June—To Domkho village.—To-day we had a climb of only about 1500 feet. Heavy rain came on when we were going down to Domkho, but the lilies made up for it. We went down a little valley full of *lilium giganteum* standing 8 to 10 feet high, with great heads of scented white blooms. Ponies met us in the open land at the bottom and we rode in sunshine past our camp to Domkho village. The mauve primulas here must be a wonderful sight in the spring, but they are over now, and the only primulas I have seen in bloom are some rather uninteresting white ones in the higher forests. In this area and to the south live persons known as the Seven Rajas, one of whom has house at Domkho. He is only a boy, his father having recently died. We went to his house, where many interesting things are stored. There are old Bhutanese iron helmets of terrific weight, shields of the skin of the mountain rhino now extinct here, a silver plated saddle, and a superb Tibetan bronze bowl. From Domkho we rode on to Mosing, about a mile away. Outside the village we had to dismount and partake of drinks, with a low table in front of us on which were bowls of grain and sticks of cypress wood incense. It is usual in these parts to assist an important visitor to mount and dismount, but to-day my host was so overwhelmed with the urge to be polite that he seized me round the waist and tried to lift me off. Later in his house I sipped millet beer from a silver mounted Chinese bowl replenished from a cheap enamel tea-pot. One of the posts near me was a sambhur head which must be very near the world's record, got from an animal found dead. It is good to think that such a grand beast lived out his allotted span. Near the village I watched some Tibetans making bark paper of the kind ordinarily used in Tibet, and very good paper it is.

4 June—To Shergaon.—There was a good deal of delay in getting off, as porters and ponies had to be collected from small,

scattered villages. The ponies were a badly trained lot, and wasted, a lot of their energy on the long climb by kicking and fighting. One of our porters, poor chap, had half his face clawed off by a bear and wore a cloth mask over the disfigurement. There were plenty of wild strawberries as usual and the top of the range was comparatively clear of mist. We sat and rested in an open space while no less than three different kinds of cuckoo called at the same time round us. A long, very steep descent through oak forest brought us to our camping ground on the bank of the Dupla Ko. The village was on the other bank, but the bridge, as I said quite firmly, was not my kind at all. It was a very long single log, hacked level at the top, only eight inches broad, and high above a very rocky stream bed. This was, of course, no handrail. The villagers just strolled across and I watched one little thing, who could not have been more than four and was quite alone, running and skipping across. There are more ways than one of bringing up children! The bridge did not really matter to me, as I am not due to visit the village till to-morrow, and the villagers had time to contrive a plank bridge for me.

5 June—We visited the village in the morning, passing beds of red and purple poppies. The Shergaon people do not use opium, but poppy seeds are the local equivalent, of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne, and are administered to both human beings and livestock when necessary. These people belong to the same tribe as those of Rupa, and their gay bits of embroidery and white clothes, dirty though they were, are a pleasant change after the monotonous maroon wraps of the more Tibetan tribes to the North. Kings are thick on the ground in these parts and this tribe, like the Monbas I have just left have seven Rajas. Our first call was on old Wangya, who is regarded as the senior. The old man was a youth he says, at the time of the Aka Expedition of 1874, so must be between eighty and ninety. The old man has aged a lot since I saw him at Foothills camp 18 months ago, but he was as courteous as ever and insisted on being hauled to his feet by a stalwart son to greet us and say good bye. Otherwise he sat telling his beads and talking quite calmly of his approaching end. He is probably the most pious Buddhist in the whole area and the private chapel attached to his house is beautifully kept. A fine piece of

painted furniture was divided into 16 compartments, one for each volume of the Buddhist scriptures, and among his possession was an old silver mounted bison horn converted into a flask for millet beer, a real museum piece. In the afternoon the heaviest rain we have had this tour descended on us. My tent was partly flooded and the plank bridge had to be dismantled to prevent its being washed away. The women of the village coming down to draw water just stood about and chatted with no protection from the rain at all. I don't think they noticed the weather. As at Rupa the unmarried girls wear their hair right over their faces down to their chins, though their beauty is not such as to need veiling. The custom is a particularly unlovely one on a soaking wet day, when the hair falls in dripping streaks.

When the rain cleared in the evening insects of every shape and size emerged in such swarms that I had to keep the door of my tent tightly laced up to make it possible to use a light at all.

6 June.—*To Zigon*—A drizzly morning soon turned into a perfect day. The ponies went by the main path down the Dupla Ko, fording and refording the river several times. But Imdad was wearing slacks to protect his legs from insects and did not want to get them wet, so we took a far narrower and worse path round the cliff faces. At one point it deteriorated into a gallery consisting of two very wet and slippery planks. We had one or two crossings to do too by so-called bridges. One was a real beast—very high and very narrow, and so rickety that it swayed at every step. There was a nice shallow ford just down stream, but I felt I couldn't jib at the bridge in front of an audience and I managed it, without actually crawling. At the end of our perils was about the loveliest camp site we have had this trip. This river is like clear amber and crags too steep for trees and green with moss and ferns tower above us.

7 June.—*To Rupa (or, more correctly, Tongti.)*—Not a very long march, but by far the most tiring and unpleasant we have had, through country ravaged by forest fires and devoid of flowers. Our way continued down the Dupla Ko, but at short intervals the cliffs closed in on the river and we had to make many detours. This meant an endless series of stiff climbs and traverses by narrow paths along sheer faces. We passed, but did not have to cross, a

tubular suspension bridge consisting of 4 strands of cane with a frame of cane rings built on to them. The footway was not more than 4 inches wide and a very flimsy network of cane was the only thing between the traveller and the river if he slipped. Two of my toes were bleeding and Imdad and I were both tired out by the end. I thoroughly enjoyed a rest and some millet beer in a friendly house before we arrived in camp. Dim-dams bit one incessantly except in the smoky village houses.

8 June—*Halted at Rupa.*—I lazed in bed till nearly seven and then went out to find mushrooms had appeared in the night all round our little bamboo shanty. I got them before the chickens did, and they were excellent for breakfast.

Imdad had a headache and stayed in camp, but I visited the villages, where in one house a touring Lama was performing a ceremony of benediction. From a sacred book he intoned passages while beating a drum in time with his chanting. At what were obviously prescribed points in the reading he added a bell, a rattle or cymbals to the drum. In front of him, under a canopy and surrounded by cones of flour and butter, was a group crudely modelled in clay of a goddess mounted on a mule (so I was assured, for the animal was unrecognizable) and attended by her four children. Hanging from a peg with the Lama's belongings was a sacred trumpet made from a human thigh-bone, such as one reads of in books on Tibet.

I had one of the local fish opened up to see what they eat. As the position of their mouths indicates they live by sucking the slime off stones at the bottom. No wonder the locals looked on with pity while I flogged the water with spoon and fly.

9 June—*Halted at Rupa*—As usual the dim-dams were a positive torture, especially in the early morning. In spite of much smearing with evil-smelling oils all exposed skin is soon covered with itching, bleeding spots. Almost unpleasantly hot even here, and I am not looking forward to the plains.

10 June—*Sunday—To Bompu La camp.*—At seven I said good-bye to Imdad and set off for the plains with Achung Tsering La, the Tibetan Agent, who is going on leave. The headmen escorted me to the end of the village, the last human habitation I shall see

for four days. For two hours we followed the bed of a stream, picking some wild mulberries and admiring a charming little yellow orchid which has just come into flower. Then came the real climb of over 4000 feet, which took me exactly $2\frac{3}{4}$ hours, not counting two rests. At the top I had lunch in a rhododendron grove, with white clematis, anemones and small pink orchids all round me. Then it was good-bye to the pleasant land of Lamas, prayer-wheels and giant pines, and I began the long descent to the Brahmaputra valley. This track, bad though it is, has been used from time immemorial by tribesmen visiting the plains for trade. On my outward journey I noticed a dead pony near the top. To-day bears had left nothing but a few bones. Today's march was a long one of well over 8 hours.

11 June—*To Pestiferous camp* — Much of the way was virtually new to me, as it was shrouded in mist most of the way up a month ago. From about 6000 feet there was a magnificent view of the plains, with rivers meandering across them to the Brahmaputra, and the Mikir Hills in the far distance. Wild elephants move up to higher ground at this time of year, and as we were coming down a ridge a herd was trumpeting and kicking up a terrible racket in a valley down to our right. I also saw a large snake, the first I have seen this tour. A short march, but my boots collapsed irrevocably. I have another pair which I hope will see me home.

I sometimes find it difficult to follow my Gurkha orderly's train of thought. To-day when I asked him to clear the table for lunch he removed my writing things and replaced them with my entire shaving equipment and a tin of Keatings. Very heavy rain in the afternoon. I wonder what the Belsiri ford will be like to-morrow.

12 June—*To Foothills camp and the plains*:—Soon after leaving camp we saw the tracks of a solitary bull bison not more than a couple of hours old, and a little later passed the broad swathe of smashed jungle near which a few days ago two of our messengers had had to stand respectfully and nervously aside while a herd of elephants went on its majestic way. An interesting thing I noticed was what looked like the remains of an ancient fort of undressed stone on a very fine defensive position. There are numerous remains of an old civilization in these foothills, but all memory of it is lost.

and there have never been any systematic excavations. The Belsiri fored was easy, but the leeches were awful and attacked one in such numbers that it was impossible to pick them off fast enough. I was bleeding so much when I got in that I had to be bandaged up. Pretty warm. I tried to rest in my tent, but only streamed with sweat, so I got up and sat in the open, where there was a little breeze.

Anyhow, here I am back at roadhead, having done about 250 miles one foot including climbs roughly equivalent to walking up to the top of Mount Everest from sea level and back.

13 June—*To Balipara*.—I had given orders that I was to be called at four instead of the usual five, and was called at half past three by mistake. A bit early, but a little more time was all to be good. The first stage was five hours alternate riding and walking in pouring rain. I saw no game—the jungle was too dense and high—but I heard red dogs in full cry after a deer quite near the path. They are the cruellest and most destructive hunters in the jungle. They are not fast, but no animal they hunt can ever shake them off. The servants going on ahead had to wait for a large herd of wild elephants to get off the road. They had made a nice mess of the road and a bridge, and had playfully reduced a heavy ammunition box to match wood.

At Digaljuli I found motor transport waiting for me, in which I set off after a change and a meal in a little shed. Mr McWilliam, in whose palatial bungalow I heard the announcement of victory, is very kindly putting me up, and I met Captain Davy of the Indian Political Service who is coming up to Shillong with me. A long bath was particularly welcome luxury after 6 weeks of a daily bucket of warm water and after lunch I just lay on my bed under a fan and knew nothing till tea was brought to me.

14 June—*Stayed at Balipara*—Very busy all day writing and packing.

15 and 16 June—*To Gauhati and Shillong*.

II

I November—15 December 1945

I November—*To Gauhati*.—During the morning I heard that Mr. Imdad Ali, the Political Officer of the Balipara Frontier Tract, who was to have come into the hills with me, would be unable to do

so. I therefore arranged by telephone that Major Stonor of the Assam Regiment should accompany me; as I did not want to go alone and I knew he would be glad of the chance. He is an expert botanist and ornithologist, and a scientist by profession.

Our party from Shillong consisted of Rohimuddin and Ahmed, my two servants, and Biddy, the Tibetan terrier. At Nongpoh, I met Mr Godfrey and Major Alder, the Governor's Secretary and Military Secretary, and as His Excellency's large Humber was going down empty I used it, instead of my truck, at their invitation. Only one way traffic is allowed on the narrow, winding Shillong—Gauhati road and as the moment the gate at Nongpoh is opened every car tries to overtake the one in front of it the result is a comically Gretna Green effect.

Stonor met me at Gauhati and we slept in the dreary Circuit House, where banging doors and raucous voices kept me awake till after midnight.

2 November—*To Charduar*.—We got the truck across the Brahmaputra by the 9 o'clock ferry and were at Charduar for an early tea. Imdad and his Assistant, Rai Sahib Dwarka Nath Das, met us. When Imdad was away recently a friend left a large dog of uncertain breed called Pluto in his keeping and hurriedly departed. Pluto barks without stopping if tied up; and eats anything it can find if let loose. This evening it got into the dining room before we did and ate a whole bowl of sweets, cellophane and all.

3 November—*Charduar*.—I spent the day on the Bhorelli River with Stonor, who was not fishing. We took a truck up to a place called Deeside (presumably so named by some homesick Scot); and there got into a dug-out canoe. This was hollowed out of a single enormous log and was big enough to hold us and three boatmen comfortably. We poled up stream for two hours, repeatedly crossing and recrossing through fierce water; and arrived at the mouth of a litter river called the Diyu. There I had an hour such a fisherman dreams of. The mahseer is a fine fighter, but an uncertain taker, but to day they were madly on the feed. I got one of 6 lbs. my second cast, and within an hour I had three more, including one of 20 lbs.

One sight I saw for the first time in my life. A king cobra, the most vicious and deadly snake there is in India; was lying on the

stones at the edge of the water. When it saw us it raised its hood and instead of going up the bank deliberately swam across the river, with its head well raised above the water. The current was strong and the distance quite 10 yards, but it swam so strongly that it was not swept more than 15 yards down stream.

4 November—*Charduar*.—Colonel Booth, commanding the 5th Assam Rifles, came out with me to-day. We again went to Deeside, but to day worked down from there to Potasali, where there is an American holiday camp, now derelict. Booth got a mahseer of $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. spinning and I got 8 boka weighing $9\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. on a fly rod. A fine old wild boar crossed the road in front of us on our way home.

To-day is the Hindu Feast of Lights and after dinner I went to an amateur Assamese play. There was no acting, in the proper sense of the word, at all, the actors merely reciting long speeches. The plot was a well known mythological story, so that everyone knew what was going to happen, and to make doubly sure one of the characters sang the story in the manner of a Greek chorus. The language was so high flown as to be almost pure Sanskrit.

5 November—*Charduar*.—A public holiday for the second day of the Feast of Lights. Stonor and I took the dug-out down from Potasali to a village right in the plains. I had plenty of good pulls spinning, but failed to land a fish, though I got 11 on my fly rod.

A salt-lick we inspected was a wonderful sight, the ground round it being churned up with the tracks of elephant, bison and deer, and a fine tiger had been walking round on the look out for a meal.

6 November—*To North Ltkhimpur*.—We had 117 miles by road to do, including three ferries which were difficult because the car had to get to land through shoal water. My first independent charge in India was that of Subdivisional Officer of North Ltkhimpur, which I had temporarily in the late summer of 1914. I remember so well getting belated newspaper with the news of the retreat from Mons.

Daflas began to meet us here. Apart from a few villages in the plains all Daflas live in unadministered territory and we have

had few dealings with them. Their headdress is striking. The hair is worn in a bun, or rather a horn, sticking right out over the forehead and pierced by a long metal pin. The helmet is of very tough woven cane, with a projection over the nape of the neck, and the crest is decorated with a hornbill's beak and a feather or two floating out behind. Numerous bands of cane are worn round the hips to protect the stomach, and often a cuirass of raw hide is worn on the chest. The national weapons are a long knife, worn in a sheath, and a bow or poisoned arrows.

7 November—*To Joghing*.—The morning was spent checking and packing loads and after lunch we went to our base camp at the foot of the hills, where a great concourse of over 100 Daffas and a dozen or so Apa Tanis awaited us. The Apa Tanis are a wilder looking lot even than the Daffas, whom they closely resemble in appearance except for their tattooed chins and the characteristic red cane 'tail', which is worn tucked between the legs exactly as a cowed dog carries his. My main object is to visit their country. Previous to 1944 two columns had passed through it and got a decidedly cold reception, but in that year a Special Officer paid them a long visit and I hope to cement the good relations he established. Usually only their serfs ever visit the plains, but to day I heard that an important priest is coming down to meet me.

8 November—*To Ranganadi*.—The march was very short, but the loads had to be ferried across a river in dug-outs, and to add it to to-morrow's march would have made a very long day. We said good-bye to Imdad Ali, cars and civilization and plunged into dense jungle. Our camp on the high bank of the Ranganadi was reached long before lunch, and within an hour I had caught a nice boka of 5 lbs. for dinner.

The Apa Tani priest, Chigi Nimi by name, arrived in the evening. His charm and aristocratic bearing would have made him stand out in any community, and we soon established friendly relations. Another new friend was a little boy called Loma, the son of a Daffa interpreter. He is like all the small boys in the world, rolled into one and is firmly determined to accompany us for the whole trip.

9 November—*To Selsemchi*.—A long day of 8 hours marching up and down precipitous sandstone ridges clothed with dense

jungle. But at last we came out at Selsemchi village and pitched our camp on a 2000 foot ridge with a glorious view of jagged forest clad peaks. This is the home of Loma and his father and though it is only a year ago that the first European in the person of the Special Officer visited it we were overwhelmed with hospitality in the form of excellent millet beer. Daffa houses are lightly built of bamboo and very long, holding 20 people or more each. India seemed very far away as we sat by the fire with a friendly crowd round us and the walls hung with primitive weapons and utensils and trophies of the chase.

10 November—*Lichi*.—Now we are really in the wilds. Our camp is on a 3000 foot ridge and from my tent door I look to the North across the Panior river to a mighty 9000 foot range a wild jumble of forest clad spurs and gorges, unexplored and believed to uninhabited. Behind me is the 6000 foot range which cuts us off from civilization. We crossed it to day, and it was a harder march than yesterday, for both clambering up and slithering down we had to hang on to trees and creepers. Stonor is in the seventh heaven for no botanist has ever been here before, and he is continually finding strange and beautiful things. New discoveries doubtless await him when we leave this evergreen monsoon country and reach the pines of the Apa ani plateau. It is said that insect pests do not exist there. So far dim-dams (small bloodsucking flies) have been a continual nuisance and this evening sandflies, which are like particularly fierce midges, suddenly filled the air and drove us nearly frantic.

11 November—*Panior River, below Potin*.—An easier day than yesterday, for the path led at first downhill and then along the steep slopes above the Panior. But without the hand rails and galleries of saplings and bamboos put up for us along many steep faces should never have got through. This country is indeed cut off from the world and nature is at its wildest. At one place we crossed a gully down which a cloudburst had sent a flood, uprooting trees and playing havoc with the jungle, and at another we crossed a landside only three or four months old. To my surprise there were the tracks of a solitary elephant along one long stretch of the path, evidently a huge old bull. It is difficult to imagine how it could have got into this remote valley, for the

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main herds are in the foot hills near the plains. On our way we met a small party of Dafas from far up the Panior on their way down to the plains to barter chillies for salt. They all carried bows and quivers of poisoned arrows, and wore a cord of human hair round the left wrist to protect it from the bow-string.

We were in time for me to catch a 3 lbs boka for dinner. I was fishing in water never fished before and had another fish on and half a dozen pulls. Excellent lemons were growing wild by the water. Our camp is a delightful one on a high level bank, with fine views up and down stream. While we were having tea a pair of otters played fearlessly in full sight.

12 November—*Panior River*.—We halted for a day to rest the porters and give everyone a chance of a good wash. A sturdy old warrior from Likha, a notoriously warlike village, came to see me. He wore particularly good leather armour.

13 November—*To Pite*.—A short march along the Panior, which we leave to-morrow.

Our camp is on the bank of a long, deep pool, with flat land across the river where sambhur abound, judging from the tracks. There are tracks of wild dog too, showing that the deer are not left in peace.

Villages and cultivation are beginning to show up on the hills above the valley now and some very wild Dafas have visited the camp.

To-day the march was over easy ground along valleys, but it was not short and we were latish getting in. Dafas and Apa Tanis are swarming round the camp, and I have noticed one boy with a bag made of the skin of the clouded leopard, and animal any sportsman would give a lot to shoot. One of my visitors was a leading man of Haja, an Apa Tani village said to contain over 600 houses. To show his goodwill he gave me an enormous lump of half-smoked pig's fat. The camp is just a clearing in the jungle at the junction of the Kai and Pangen rivers and very shut in. The evenings are very cold now and we are sufficiently for North to notice the shortness of the days.

15 November—*To Camp on the Pangen River.*—Till to day all the cultivation we have seen has been shifting cultivation, known in Assam as *jhum*. By this method jungle is felled and burned, and crops are sown for two years running. Then the land is left fallow for 8 to 10 years for a new growth of jungle to develop, when it is again cleared and sown. To day we came into an area where the valley bottom was full of terraced and irrigated permanent rice fields, a method learnt from the Apa Tanis, who are probably as skilful cultivators as there are anywhere. The slopes above us are covered with coarse grass and useless for anything. This is due to too much *jhuming*, which has killed out the jungle. The present rather sparse population of Daffas is not responsible and the story of how it happened is interesting. Long ago, but within the period of detailed tradition, the country round here was densely populated by a people called Torr. The pressure on the land was more than it could stand and the Torr, as they got poorer and poorer, took to continual raiding to make up the deficiency of food. They became so intolerable that neighbouring tribes combined and absolutely wiped them out. The land was then left empty for a considerable time, and within fairly recent years the present inhabitants began to filter in.

The vegetation to-day changed from subtropical to temperate and Stonor had a great time collecting.

Yet more Daffa notables came in to see me and I was given an enormous and very tough looking he-goat. It was bitterly cold at night down in the damp valley.

16 November—*To Mai Village.*—To-day we climbed 2000 feet to this Daffa village on the rim of the Apa Tani plateau. As we toiled slowly up a glorious view of the Himalayan snows burst on us with breath-taking suddenness. For Stonor the climb was made memorable by the discovery of a new climbing gentian.

At Mai we called on the leading man. His house is 50 feet long and in it no less than 9 separate families live, each with a separate hearth in a long row down the middle. There were no partitions or privacy of any kind and the noise and crowding were indescribable. The house is boarded up on the side where the slope of the ground makes it accessible to enemies and bows were kept handy along the walls and spears on racks of sambhur horn.

There were a lot of Apa Tanis on the verandah, including an aristocrat in a most dignified cloak. The Apa Tani women were the first I have seen. Their faces are heavily tattooed and they wear two large black wooden plugs in their noses, one above each nostril. The nose is thus enormously broadened and completely deformed: a truly hideous fashion. Young girls wear very small plugs, which are gradually increased in size as they grow up till they are larger round than a shilling.

Wild boars must be plentiful here, for a rack in the house held several rows of lower jaws, one with a pair of tusks probably very near the world's record. While we were sitting on the verandah a flock of 8 hornbills flew over, a lovely sight in the bright sunshine.

The camp is a cramped one, and a lot of levelling had to be done before our tents could be pitched. But the view makes up for everything. There are the gleaming snows in the distance and nearer at hand a 11,000 feet range with a veil of blue haze over it.

17 November—To Khel Camp—At Mai a strong N. E. Wind, straight off the snows, got up in the early morning. The cold in my tent when I was shaving and dressing was unspeakable, and I shivered violently and cut myself. A climb of 200 feet through heavy forest brought us to the top of the range, and there we found a rhododendron tree, which proved that the climate was changing. Stonor, who was busy collecting plants, wanted an orchid growing about 20 feet up a thick, branchless tree. A Dafa immediately volunteered to get it and gave a remarkable exhibition of climbing. He took the human hair string off his left wrist and made a loop of it, carefully measuring the correct length round the hole of the tree. He then slipped it over his insteps and with its aid easily swarmed up and brought down the plant.

We then went down for about 200 feet till we came to a little stream called the Rabu and there, on the other bank, the pines, the superb *pinus exelsa*, began. We knew then that the stream was the Jordan of our promised Land, and we had some thermos tea under a tree from which hung sprays of a bronze green orchid over two feet long. From there it was only a short walk along an aisle of enormous pines to the open rice fields and bracken-covered knolls of the Apa Tani plateau. It was like a new world after

many days of forest. We simply had to go for a walk immediately to see more of it, and Stonor made some most important finds, for no botanist has ever collected here before. Chigi Nimi, the old priest, came with us and reated a diversion by impishly throwing a stick as a large swarm of bees hanging from a tree.

18 November--*To Duta.*--A dense cold mist hung over the camp in the early morning and we did not move till after eight. The plateau can best be described as a great glacial valley 5000 ft. above sea level blocked by a moraine. It opened out as we went up into a vast area of gently sloping terraced rice land, with pine clad hills all round and bracken covered knolls dotted about in the middle. I got to snipe on the way up. There are only seven Apa Tani villages, all built on spurs of ground raised above the level of the rice fields, and the contrast between them and Dafla villages is striking. A typical Dafla village contains a dozen long houses, all scattered on little spurs and each containing several families. In an Apa Tani village on the other hand the houses, one to every family, stand in neat rows on either side of long streets, and a village may contain a thousand houses. We passed through Duta village on our way to camp, and the old men sitting on the Council platforms in the middle of the streets showed their friendship by thrusting bamboo vessels of millet beer into our hands. My spectacles caused great amusement, and a roar went up when I put them on an old gentleman's nose. He immediately asked me for a pair! The platforms, called *Lapangs*, are constructed of great planks of pine, rough hewn from the tree. They are renewed every three years, and this is the season when new planks are brought in. They have to be dragged, and we watched a team of bucks bringing one in, all chanting and straining at creeper ropes, while an old man walked in front directing operations. It is the time for dyeing too and in front of many houses there were hanging skeins of yarn freshly dipped in madder, lemon yellow or dark blue; the three vegetable dyes known to the Apa Tanis.

So precious is land here that our camp has to be on a graveyard, kindly lent us for the purpose.

19 November--*Camp Duta.*--I went for a long walk in the morning to see some of the country, and incidentally shot six snipe, which made a welcome change from the eternal chicken. The rice

has been reaped and the dry grey mud glares fiercely in the sun. Dotted all over the plain are cattle and mithan (domestic bison) grazing on the stubble. It would be an understatement to speak of agriculture in this wonderful valley. It is more like one vast garden. The perfectly kept and drained paths run between neat wooden fences, and round every bamboo grove is a fence, with a well secured gate. Not a square yard of land is wasted. An interesting point is that the Apa Tanis claim to have brought many trees and plants with them on their long migration from an unknown home to the east, and I was given a dramatic representation of how they carried the young trees in their arms and planted the seeds, when they halted on their long journey. The tradition is clear that they met no other tribes on the way and found this valley a huge swamp, full of strange creatures, which they destroyed. From the details given I am satisfied that, strange though it may seem, the ancestors of the present inhabitants did actually see prehistoric animals, for their accounts of the monsters they killed accord well with known scientific facts which they could not possibly be aware.

20 November—*Camp Duta*.—Having given the people time to take stock of me I awaited visitors to-day. They came, not, unfortunately in a stream, but in great crowds, every member of which talked at once. The little verandah of the shed in which I live was packed for hours, and a mighty throng stood and squatted on the ground below. I invested various notables with the blanket of scarlet broadcloth which is the sign in the Assam hills of friendship with Government and a good time was had by all.

21 November—*Camp Duta*.—Stonor and I exchanged jabbering crowds and the glare of the sun-baked paddy fields for the cool green of the jungle. We climbed 2000 feet to the top of the northern rim of this valley and from about 7000 feet feasted our eyes on an unbroken line of snow peaks, which completely hid the main Himalayan range beyond which lies Tibet. To the south the Apa Tani plateau was spread out like a map below us. The mighty trees in the jungle were festooned with orchids, though snow lies ankle deep on the ground for about three months in the winter. A few were still in bloom and Stonor collected about a dozen different species. One dendrobium had a spike over 6 feet long, with no less than 42 flowers on it. It should be a prize if it can be cultivated.

On our way out we passed through the large village of Bela, a maze of long streets with the houses in orderly rows on either side, each with its little garden. In one street a chanting crowd were rebuilding a house, for a man who wants his house rebuilt is helped by all his friends and neighbours, and it is probably finished in a day. Here and there houses were surrounded by high palisades, the reasons for this being the following curious custom. An Apa Tani who has a claim against a fellow which he cannot get satisfied seizes a relation of the debtor and keeps him a prisoner in his house till the debt is paid. This is considered quite private affair and no one else worries in the least. At one point to-day a street was blocked by a new and very awkward stile. I was told it was put up to check a certain prisoner if he tried to bolt. The whole system is a great improvement on the old English debtors' prisoners, for an Apa Tani prisoner is treated as one of the family, and the debtor himself quite frequently drops in for a drink, and doubtless tells the prisoner that he hopes to settle the matter shortly.

22 November—*Camp Duta*.—An almost uninterrupted morning's writing, except for Apa Tanis who wanted to sell things. It would be more accurate to say that they want to buy things. For instance a man will come along with a hand woven cloth which I possibly want for my collection. He demands salt, and if I offer him, say, some iron hoes he won't sell it. It is annoying at first, but one soon realises that in a community where everything is done by barter the cloth corresponds to the money one takes to a shop, and if one placed half a crown on the counter and demanded bacon one would naturally not accept a walking stick instead.

A bitterly cold evening, with clouds rolling up.

23 November—*Camp Duta*.—The weather has changed. The morning mist cleared much earlier than usual, but there were clouds in the sky and a few drops of rain fell in the evening.

After breakfast I walked down the valley to a village called Hang, a small town of nearly 900 houses, to call on the leading man, by name Ponyo Tamar. (Ponyo is his clan name and Tamar his personal name). He is very old and infirm, but a striking figure all the same, with his well bred features and perfect manners. He led me from his house to the *lapang* (council platform) in the middle of the street, where a dense crowd collected. Every surrounding

verandah from which a view of the strange, visitor was possible was packed, and there was a wild stampede on one which suddenly gave an ominous creak. I left after drinking Tamar's millet beer and presenting his wife with a mirror, which caused shrieks of merriment. On the way back I shot 6 snipé.

In the afternoon, I decided to give a feast. This took the form of killing two mithan (domestic bison) and distributing the meat to the seven villages of the tribe. To the Apa Tanis a mithan is far too important an animal to be casually slaughtered, and Chigi Nime, the priest, had first to recite the correct incantations. He stood in front of the animals with a drawn sword in his hand and for a full half hour chanted a litany in which, it was clear from his gestures, he called down the blessing of the spirits of the sky, the mountains and the fields on the animals. It was an astonishing feat of memory and the earnestness of the ceremony made it most impressive. The animals were then led round a corner and despatched, and a return procession of people carrying great joints of meat soon began.

A messenger arrived in the evening with a postbag containing Stanley Gibbons' latest stamp catalogue. It somehow brought me back to civilization with a jerk.

24 November—*To Talo*.—We had entered the Apa Tani plateau from the South and to-day we left it by its 7000 foot Western wall, dropping down the other side down to 4509 feet. The change in vegetation was just as strikingly sudden as it had been at our entry. Not a pine was to be seen on the Talo side of the rim, and a lovely climbing gentian (probably new to science) which grew in profusion on either side of the path on the way up to the crest suddenly and finally stopped; there was not a plant on the other side.

The Dafia village of Talo straggles over a couple of miles, every little easily defended spur being crowned with the long house of an important man, with granaries and the houses of lesser folk clustered round it. I propose to visit the village to-morrow. Meanwhile Toko Bat's famous wife came to call. She has an enormous goitre and rejoices in the name of Yoyum; a most remarkable old lady who is said to be even more influential than her husband.

The mellow warmth of Talo is a pleasant change after Dufa,

and we are enjoying a camp fire—a luxury impossible in the densely populated Apa Tani country owing to the scarcity of wood. There is haricot mithan tail for dinner, being my share of the feast.

25 *November—Camp Talo*—We spent the morning in the village, and our first call was on Toko Bat and Yoyum. The house is 200 feet long, not counting the big verandah at either end, and about 20 feet broad, with no less than 13 open hearths in a line down the middle. The greatest precautions are taken against fire, and when I struck a match to light my pipe a man immediately held out his hand for it in case I should drop it on the bamboo floor.

We had a cheerful party round the owner's and I found plenty to interest me in the house. The horns of slaughtered mithan hung in rows on the walls and in one corner was a rack of the lower jaws of wild boars, almost all with tusks which would send a pigsticker wild with excitement.

In the evening some very wild and turbulent folk from far up the valley came to see me. It was a plucky effort and they were very nervous at first, preferring to stand ready to jump for safety. But I soon got them to sit down and sent them on their way rejoicing in small presents.

26 *November—Camp Talo*—The Daflas here use bags made of the skin of a monkey which is almost certainly new to science. They live in the forest on the high tops above the village and Stonor went out at dawn with some Dafla guides to try and get one. The place was described as 'one pipe smoke away', but it took him a long time to get there. He saw a troop, but they were travelling fast high up in the trees and he could not get a shot. Meanwhile I stayed in camp and got through some writing. In the evening I had some more Dafla visitors from distant villages. They spend their lives fighting and a harder bitten lot it would be difficult to imagine.

27 *November—To Jorum*.—The march was a short one through grassland and we camped below Jorum village on a level field. All the Daflas of this area grow their rice on permanent irrigated fields, a method they have learnt from the Apa Tanis, but everything is rather slapdash and they have none of the neatness of their teachers.

The country looks ideal for black partridge. I was told the odd snipe is to be found in damp patches on the rice fields, but I didn't bother to go and look for them.

I have with me the Indian doctor assigned to this area. He is most popular and does wonderful work. There is no malaria or anything of that kind, but he is in great demand for minor operations. For instance the ear lobes of men and women, enormously distended by ear plugs, are apt to get torn; the doctor can then perform a most useful service by sewing the ends together and making the ear as good as new. Or if a Dafla gets a large splinter or an arrow deep in a limb he just has to leave it there, for he has no means of extracting it. The doctor told me that he recently cut out an arrow head which had been in a man's leg for three months. He had left a certain amount of pain, but he was walking about as usual and there was no sign of the wound getting septic. They must be very healthy race.

28 November—*To Dodo Seram*.—We are back on our outgoing track now and dawn at valley level on the bank of a small river called the Pangen. The march was a fairly long one up and down slopes covered with coarse high grass and across wooded gullies which provided several prizes for Stonor. The final descent of about 1500 feet to the valley was very steep indeed and I must say I was glad I was not going in the opposite direction.

There are a lot of Daflas in camp with us in this little clearing in the jungle, and when a squirrel was unwise enough to appear at tea time there was much shouting and twanging of bows, but it got away. The temperature is a pleasant change after the hills, but a cracking camp fire is quite welcome.

29 November—*To Pite Camp*.—Stonor and I took our time, fishing one or two places on the way. There are signs of a change for the worse in the weather and the fish would only take during the intervals of sunshine. I was lucky and caught 7, from 8 lbs. to 2 lbs, but Stonor had bad luck, losing several fish and landing nothing. He had a good day with orchids, however, and has now collected over 40 different species. On the way we heard Daflas in the jungle hunting deer. Their method is to lay on a mongrel dog which goes yapping along after the deer and so indicates the

line it is taking. The Daflas then race through the jungle and try to cut it off and get a shot with a poisoned arrow, which is almost immediately deadly. A pleasing sight was a party of three otters fishing. They must have a happy life on these rivers, with no enemies and ample food.

30 November—*Pite Camp*.—Soon after dawn great flocks of imperial pigeon flew high overhead, all making in the same direction for some feeding ground.

The weather has broken and we had a good deal of rain. Fatal for fishing, which ought to have been so good. Stonor got one small one and I could touch nothing. I gave it up early and got down to some writing. The jungle here contains a lot of chaulmugra, a big fruit from the seeds of which chaulmugra oil, used in the treatment of leprosy, is extracted.

1 December—*To Potin*.—Not a long march, but difficult one along the bank of the Panior, with much climbing over spurs and round steep faces. Stonor and I went straight on down stream, and were rewarded by an almost indescribably beautiful scene on which we were quite certainly the first Europeans ever to set eyes. We came out on a rocky beach, which ran down to a deep dark green pool. From the opposite side of the pool rose a sheer cliff, covered with ferns and small flowers, over which fell a small stream with a miniature rainbow at the bottom where the sunlight caught the spray.

We also found the largest and most eerie flower I have ever seen. It grew deep under fallen leaves and its great sappy petals were a brilliant unhealthy scarlet and stank of corruption. A curious thing about the plant, which even the local Daflas say they have never seen before, is that while the flowers grow only on the roots it is itself a huge creeper growing 60 feet or more up a tree.

2 December—*Potin*.—

There is always something to see here. While we were having tea in front of our tents two little black leopard cubs appeared for a moment across the river, the moving grass showing where the mother was. A few minutes later five otters came down the bank in single file and proceeded to catch their supper.

3 December—*Potin*.—Tracks this morning showed that a mithan walked through the camp last night. Luckily it did not collide with anything, for they are huge, clumsy brutes and inclined just

to brush any opposition aside. Though every animal has its owner they are left to roam wild in the jungle, only coming up to the villages when they want salt which they know they will be given there. It was sunny and warm for most of the day, but though conditions looked good Stonor tested the water for fishing and found it hopeless. Rods and tackle were therefore sadly packed away, with memories of the marvellous sport we had with them on the way out. Later it clouded over and sandflies made life a burden. Luckily the nights are free from insect pests.

The poor little doctor went down with malaria, due to an old infection. Unfortunately he is allergic to mepacrine. It is an awkward thing getting ill in a place like this—one just hopes one won't. I have had a rough carrying chair made, but I am afraid the path to-morrow will be too bad to use it.

4 December—To Lichi.—On the move again. After two hours along the valley, much of it spent cautiously crossing steep faces by bamboo galleries, we started the long climb up to our camp on an inner range of the mountains which bar the way to the plains. All day we were in dense tropical forest in what was almost twilight at times, while far over our heads giant trees soared up into the sunshine, holding in their tops a whole different world of birds and insects. Life in these forests is in two layers as it were. One layer is the ground, gloomy and dark with rotting vegetation, and the other an unbroken layer of sunlit tree tops, full of flowers, as the fallen petals show. It was a relief to emerge suddenly into the fresh air and blazing sunshine of our camping ground and the view of range after range of forest-clad hills seemed almost more lovely it did the first time we saw it.

The doctor struggled along gallantly and is better this evening. I had the bad luck to brush my bare knee against a particularly bad kind of stinging leaf, I only got a touch, but it was quite enough. So virulent is the sting that Nagas used to execute criminals by trussing them up and leaving them on a bed of the leaves; they were dead in a few hours.

5 December—To Selsemchi.—It was a hard day to-day and we were over 8 hours on the road. We first dropped 500 feet to a stream; then we climbed 3000 feet to the top of the main range; finally we dropped 2500 feet and wound out along an interminable spur to camp. The path was so steep and rocky that every step had

to be watched, and at frequent intervals huge fallen trees lay across it, each one of which had to be climbed by a little wooden ladder. We had a sandwich lunch on the way, but the meal was not a great success, for the dim-dams were so bad that we ate with one hand while we scratched with the other.

The doctor was weaker this morning and another man is seriously ill. It is no small task carrying them over country like this, and I shall be thankful when we get them down to civilization to-morrow.

I am taking some Daflas down to the plains. They have to wear their best things and one promptly said he intended to borrow all his wife's beads. This is the home of Loma, the little Dafla boy who has been with us all the time. His mother happens to have eloped, but I can imagine the tales he is telling to an assortment of step-mothers tonight.

Camp is on a fine site, with wide views over the plains to the distant hills beyond. It is sad in some ways to think that this is the last evening we shall drink a glass of gin and water by a blazing camp fire. But civilization has its advantages, not the least being something better than a lantern by which to write.

6 December—*To Joyhing*.—A long march of over 7 hours, first down narrow spurs and then through level tropical jungle. Stonor had his last day's collecting and brought his bag of orchids up to over 60 different species.

A comfortable bungalow and a real bath were welcome, but it is extraordinary how used we had got to doing without the wireless and how shut-in one felt sleeping in a room again.

7 December—*To Charduar*.—To-day a boring run of over 100 miles through transformed country. The thousands of acres of rice are now ripe and golden, the grass is brown and shrivelled, and the roads are dusty.

We arrived at Charduar to find the peaceful little station transformed into a town of tents and temporary huts all ready for the Viceroy and the Governor who are due very soon.

8 December—*Charduar*.—I took my last chance of seeing the jungle for some time and spent the day on the Bhorelli. Though I never touched a fish I enjoyed myself, for there was plenty to see. At one place I watched for elephants fording the river, led by

a wise old tusker, and lower down another tusker, in charge of a boy armed only with a small cane, was collecting firewood, picking up sticks one by one and passing them up with its trunk to the boy on his neck, who stacked them in front of him. All wild elephants in India are Royal Beasts and belong to the Crown, the right to capture them being leased out. Operations are in progress near here now and about 30 tame elephants have been collected to assist. The mahouts all belong to hereditary castes, who have handled elephants for countless generations, and the way they train and control their charges is wonderful. The mahout sits on the animal's neck and steers with his toes pressed behind its ears; orders are given verbally, with an occasional tap on the head with a stick.

I came back to find a lot of tribesmen in from different areas and took Stonor for a tour round their camps. They range from stately gentlemen clad in Chinese silk to tribesmen armed with bows and arrows and wearing leather armour.

9 December—*Charduar*.—I spent the whole day working on arrears of correspondence. Late in the evening an advance party of Viceregal servants arrived, rather bewildered at the absence of many of the amenities of civilization.

10 December—*Charduar*.—I spent all the afternoon running a rehearsal for the tribal display to be given the day after to-morrow. There will be a procession and tribal dances, and the last item is to be an exhibition of *bobo*, a remarkable national sports of the Daflas and Apa Tanis. For it a very long cane creeper rope is stretched from the top of a tall flexible tree to the bottom of another some distance away. On this performers, by perfect timing of the spring of the rope, do amazing acrobatics at a great height from the ground. Any mistake or failure is greeted with roars of laughter, in which the performer joins.

11 December—*Charduar*.—Their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Wavell and their daughter, the Hon'ble Mrs Astley arrived just before lunch, bringing with them the following staff consisting of Colonel Currie, Military Secretary, Mr Abell, Private Secretary, and Lord Euston and Captain Crookshank, Aides-de-Camp. The Governor and Lady Clow received them at a neighbouring airfield

and drove with them to the camp. After passing a large body of tribesmen drawn up outside the gate the guard was inspected and we all went into a very informal lunch.

12 December—*Charduar*.—Their Excellencies and a large party went out to a picnic lunch in the jungle. I stayed in camp working, but heard it was a great success. On the way they stopped at a clearing where newly caught elephants were being trained. A line of twelve tame elephants saluted the Viceroy with their trunk, and he in return raised his hat to them. There were three freshly caught elephants roped to trees and the Viceroy watched them being fed and petted.

In the afternoon there took place the great tribal display. First contingents from seven tribes passed in front of the 'grand stand' in a long colourful procession. Then chiefs and headman came up tribe by tribe and presented gifts, till the table by the Viceroy was piled high with silver scabbards, chased silver bowls, bows and arrows, and tribal finery. Among the presents were a mithan and sheep and these were led past, making a scene which reminded me of Egyptian carvings. Among the tribesman was an old lady, the widow of a chief, who suddenly warmly embraced His Excellency, to his great amusement. She said she had come many days march to greet him and was not going to be done out of it. The next item was a series of dances by performers wearing wooden masks representing feline animals and human character, in the dances. When they were over the mithan was tied to a post and blessed by an Apa Tani priest. Finally the whole party moved across to some trees to watch *bobo* and archery. Here the tribesmen crowded in on us, and husky warriors from the far hills stood at the elbow of the Viceroy and Governor General of India completely at ease, and treating him as man to man. One of the great charms of these hillmen is that they are neither servile nor rude, but completely natural.

13 December—*Charduar*.—I shall always look back on to-day as one of the most memorable of my life. I flew over hundreds of miles of the wild hills between Assam and Tibet in the Viceroy's luxurious private Dakota with him and the Governor and a party of officials. We took off from an almost deserted American airfield. The last time I had seen it, it was busy with planes setting

off for or returning from China. To-day grass and weeds were already growing on some of the runways. To the north of our line of flight was an unbroken line of dazzling snow peaks and below them inner ranges and valleys inhabited by completely unknown tribes. Turning east over the hills we first went over the Dasla country, covering in minutes what had taken me days on foot, and looked down on the small scattered village, with the long house of the rich men showing prominently. Then we circled the Apa Tani plateau, which looked as remarkable from the air as from ground. Next we flew on east and crossed great rivers into the country of the Abor tribes, whose large villages clung to the lower slopes of the valleys. From there we went on to the hills occupied by the Mishmi tribes and enjoyed the supreme experience of a wonderful day. The mountains became higher and steeper, and monsoon forest gave way to spruce and pine, with bare snow sprinkled crags above them known to be the haunt of the rare takin. Soon we were flying up the gorge of the Lohit, the sides of which were far above the 'ceiling' of the plane and so close that I could distinguish the individual fronds of bracken on them. On we went, for we could not turn sooner, 40 miles into Tibet itself, with irrigated fields and stone villages below us. It was a wonderful performance, even for a star pilot, for he had never been over the country before and had to wind in and out along this terrific gorge and then begin his turn at precisely the right second if he was to get the heavy machine round at all. To crown all he landed us punctual to the minute at Sadiya, one of our frontier headquarters. There we had a buffet lunch under the trees in the political Officer's delightful garden, and representatives of yet more tribes were presented to His Excellency. On the way back we took a route over the plains and skimmed low over the Kaziranga Game Reserve, a wilderness of swamps and sluggish streams where the last considerable herd of Indian rhinoceros is carefully preserved. Though I did not see a rhino myself others of the party did, and I saw swamp deer and a large herd of wild buffalo peacefully grazing. It was a glimpse of what the plains of Assam were like before man came to tidy and destroy.

To-night at dinner, after the Viceroy had given the King's health the governor proposed that of their Excellencies.

14 *December—Charduar.*—The Viceregal party left after breakfast, with the Governor in the first car with the Viceroy, and Lady Clow in the second with Her Excellency.

15 *December—To Gauhati.*—The Apa Tanis whom I brought down have been my constant companions for a month and bade me a most touching farewell. They leave for their hills to-day and I shall probably never see them again.

After a long, boring journey on a truck I lodged in the great echoing barrack of a Circuit House, where swarms of mosquitoes kept me company.

16 *December—To Shillong.*—In spite of broken spring the truck got me up in time for lunch.

A NOTE ON THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN IN THE U.S.A.

BY E. T. D. LAMBERT

In the beginning, Indian tribes were nations with whom the conquerors entered into equal treaty.

The situation up till 1867., some time after the Constitution of the United States was adopted, was that the Indian tribes were nations and relations with them were governed by treaties entered into on equal terms on either side, but later on the Supreme Court adopted a new doctrine which was, that, although that Indian nations were sovereign, they were by reason of their weakness dependent on the Federal Government of the United States for protection against each other, against white men and against local governments. Each Indian tribe, in other words, was a dependent sovereignty, but dependent only on the United States, and the effect to this decision was to give the United States sole responsibility for the Indian and, therefore, for serving him. Indian lands were protected by treaty from local taxation.

The Government of the United States maintained Indian agents but they were not at all good men, in fact they were notorious. Gradually, however, schools were started and the beginnings of a health service, but it was only about 1900 that the Federal Government began to take a serious, positive responsibility and recognized that they must be give school, a health service and agriculture assistance; the development of these service then started exclusively under Indian Bureau control, on other Federal departments were called in except, temporarily, the Forest Service and the Reclamation Service, both of which later got out.

By now the land had been individualized and tribal and community governments had been crushed with resultant chaos and the Indian Bureau was forced to extend its management to individuals rather than tribes and 'guardianship' became a personal matter.

Government effort was originally to liquidate Indian property, abolish languages and kill traditions and religious, all part of a broad policy of absorbing the Indian into the white population. As the Indian did not particularly wish to be liquidated and failed to a great extent in co-operating in his liquidation, the Indian Service was gradually forced into the position of trying to make Indians do things they did not want to do, and there developed a highly dicta-

torial system of management. In 1928, however, a very remarkable study of the Indian problem was carried out at the request of the Secretary of the Interior by the Brookings Institution. The report concluded that :—

1. Indians had been thrust down to the lowest poverty level found in the U.S.A.
2. They were dying faster than they were being born.
3. Their family and community life had been disrupted.
4. They were being generally messed about by Government policy.

Resultant on that report, a new policy was adopted to extend to Indians an opportunity equal to that of the white man and to enlist States, Counties, and School Districts to help. The Social Security Board, the Soil Conservation Service and the Public Health Service all now assist the Indian Service to help the Indians, and are all work on the policy of transferring the Indian Services finally to the Indians themselves.

The present day feeling with regard to the moral obligation of the people of the U.S.A. has undergone a very radical change. The tendency amongst people, who do not fully understand Government policy, is to look on Reservations and the special treatment the Indian receives, as a means of maintaining them as museum specimens for the study of anthropologists and, therefore, for these people to say 'turn them loose they will soon find their way,' but that policy has been tried throughout the world and nowhere has it succeeded. The policy of 'You don't want to be wards of the Government Therefore we are going to turn you loose and it is root, hog, or die.' The right answer appears to be, and this is the policy in the U.S.A. to-day, 'We are a humane people. These Indians were the original owners of the land. They were dispossessed. Let the Government of the United States assume a guardianship and do everything possible for the improvement of the lot of these people, improving them as they come along, generation after generation' but at the same 'encourage as many of the later generation of Indians to get into the white man's way—encourage them to do it.'

The following is a very interesting summary of something that has been done to this end by the U.S. Federal Government and is a

quotation of a statement by Mr John Collier, Indian Commissioner:

'Mr Collier, I might mention the pueblo of Laguna in New Mexico. That is a village community with its own ancient language and its traditions of the Stone Age. You find Laguna Indians all the way from the village of Laguna to Oakland, Calif, up and down the Sante Fe Railroad. A large community is permanently established at Winslow, Ariz.

'But there is not a Laguna Indian who doesn't keep his affiliation back home and take a part in the public life of Laguna.

'Now, let's look at those who are there in Laguna. Several years ago the Laguna lands had become badly gutted by overgrazing, bad range management. We—and by 'we' I mean the Soil Conservation Service and the Indian Service, cooperating—went to the Lagunas as a tribe, called them together in community meetings and put this problem up to the Lagunas and announced to them that we were not going to invoke any compulsory regulation. The problem was their on to solve. It entailed cutting their sheep units down from 53,000 to 13,000, a terrific sacrifice, involving a lot of readjustment in their internal life

They took the issue up and went through with it completely as a group of people, not under compulsion, with nothing but technical advice given by men who knew breeding, marketing, and range management.

The Lagunas, like the other New Mexico Pueblos, own their land in fee from Spain. It is their ancient home, and when they go out from it they always come back. They will make every sacrifice to protect it; they want to increase it. They are municipal corporations, so defined by the Supreme Court.

'Even though they migrate, they don't spiritually go away. Now, those Lagunas are Americans as much as you and I. They talk English, they are hail fellows well met. And that describes a great many Indian tribes.

'About all the Government does for the Lagunas is to run the schools. We use the local white schools in the measure that they can be used. We supply, from Albuquerque out, a hospital service. We supply a legal adviser to the Pueblo area of the country, who works with them over their problems of land and water right and

anything else. Beyond that they are not dependent on the Government. But their lands may not be alienated, and they are exempt from the local land tax.

'And in the last 10 years we have so largely moved administration over these Pueblo tribes that the Indian Bureau feels it has brought itself toward the point where it will be pretty nearly dispensable. By that method, it seems to me, we are doing the very thing you are talking about.

'We are not coercing them into a mode of life that is not of their own choice. We think their own life is good. But we are offering a complete education and giving them the necessary mechanical and engineering techniques to go out in the world, and they have gone out. We have supplied them only the same kind of technical advice that the Soil Conservation Service is supplying to a thousand soil conservation districts. They maintain their own law and order completely. And the Lagunas and their Pueblos are among the most orderly population in the world.

'In conclusion, and stemming from this example of the Pueblos, the big decisive fact in Indian life in the last ten or a dozen years is the increase of Indian energies, individual and collective. I am satisfied that every disinterested and informed observer would testify that this growth of life-energy, of hope and responsibility and purpose in the Indians is due to the urgent, searching, democratic effort of the Indian Service more than to any other influence of government, Federal or local.,

EARLY RECORDS OF INDIAN TRIBES

BY MILDRED ARCHER

I

THE BLACKSMITHS

DURING some recent research on Company Painting, I discovered the following account of Agrarias, Loharias and Lohars by Daniel Johnson. Johnson was a Surgeon in the Company's employment from 1791-1809 and spent much of his service at Chittrah (Chatra) in what is now the Hazaribagh District of Chota Nagpur. His book, *Sketches of Field Sports as followed by the Natives of India*, was published in 1822 and the following excerpts may will be the earliest account of these important primitive tribes.

'There are other castes of *Hindoos* who inhabit the distrit of *Ramghur*, and gain their livelihood by manufacturing iron, with which the whole country is more or less impregnated, and it is the chief article of exportation.

'The first class of these people I shall describe are known by the name of *Augureeas*, and are the very lowest description of human beings. In the hot months they are all naked with the exception of a small piece of leather or rag hanging from their middle; but in the cold and rainy season most of them have the skin of some animal thrown over their bodies. Their huts are loosely made with green branches of trees, thinly covered with grass, not sufficient o shelter them from any inclemency of weather.

'The only cattle they keep, are a few goats, and they do not cultivate the land. Their method of manufacturing iron is the most simple that can possibly be imagined. Having cut down word and burnt it into charcoal, they collect at the bottom of the hills the stones which, as being good judges they know are much impregnated with iron ore, and after every heavy fall of rain are found in such abundance on the surface, that I believe they seldom if ever dig for any. These stones with the charcoal, they carry on *bangys* to the spot where they have erected their chimnies, for smelting. The chimnies are formed of clay, on a ground work of stones, about four feet and a half high, and eighteen inches diameter, with the funnel about nine inches wide; two opening are made in each chimney; one at the bottom through which the lava or dross runs

off, the other a little above, through which, by removing a stone or two, the iron is taken out.

‘On a level with the top of the chimney a stage is erected covered with leaves or mats, on which are deposited the stones containing the ore, pounded as small as nutmegs, and the charcoal is also broken small. For bellows they use two circular wooden, or earthen bowls, with the bottoms, about fourteen inches diameter; into each of which a hollow bamboo, of about two feet and a half long is fixed; the other ends of them being inserted into the chimney; the bowls are covered with the skins of animals, and in the middle of each, a small slit is made; the skins are kept always wet and it is the business of the females to stand on them, and by their resting on each leg alternatively, the bowls act as two pair of bellows, or rather as a blacksmith’s forge bellows, keeping up a constant stream of air on the fire.

‘They hold a small wooden shovel in their hands with which they supply the chimney with ore and charcoal and at the same time are often loaded with a child or two at their backs. When the lower part is choked by being full of iron, they take it out in a lump, weighing from sixty to seventy pounds. It is also a part of the female’s duty to break the stones, and charcoal. When good stones for their purpose, or wood fit for making charcoal becomes scarce near their huts, they remove to some other spot, seldom remaining at one place more than a month or two. Sometimes whole families of them are destroyed by tigers. The lumps of iron which they make, contain a considerable quantity of dross they therefore sell or barter it to a class of people denominated *Loharias*, whom they also supply with charcoal, and whose business is solely confined to purifying and manufacturing the iron into pegs about thirteen inches long, weighing seven or eight pounds, which they sell or barter again to *Bixaries*, who bring tobacco, coarse cloths, cow tails, and a variety of articles from the low countries to exchange for it

‘The head residence of the *Loharias* is called *Beeleah*, and it is about forty miles from *Chittrah*, in the direct road to *Ramghur*. At that place the *Sardar* or chief of the *Loharias* always resides, who regulates the price of iron throughout the country, and

decides all disputes relating to the manufacture, between the *Augureeas*, *Lohars* and *Loharias*; and on extraordinary occasions, assembles a *punchite*, of which he is always the president. It therefore seldom happens that any disputes amongst these people are carried to the judge of the district for his decision.

‘There is also another class of people residing in the hills, who manufacture iron, known by the name of *Lohars*, not so respectable as the *Loharias*, nor so indigent as the *Augureeas*. They smelt the iron from the stones, and manufacture it into pegs, but not of so pure quality as that made by the *Loharias*. The *Lohars* have fixed habitations, cultivate some ground, and sell and barter their iron to *Biparies*. In some parts of the country towards *Monghier*, they smelt the iron from sand, collected from the rivers after heavy floods; which is considered of the best quality’

II

THE SAURIA PAHARIAS

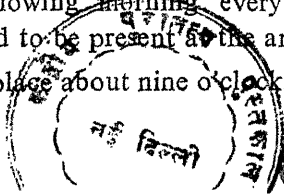
In 1777 or 1778 the English artist, William Hodges, was invited by Warren Hastings to visit India. Later, in 1783, he published an account of some of his sketching expeditions entitled *Travels in India during the years 1780, 1781, 1782 and 1783*.

In this book he relates how at the end of January or early in February 1782 he accompanied Cleveland, with whom he was staying in Bhagalpur, on a visit to a Paharia village to see a buffalo sacrifice. The village must have been in the Rajmahal hills in what is now the Santal Parganas as it took them two days to reach the spot.

At pages 91-93 he writes as follows. ‘On the second day our journey we arrived at the village on the hill, where the ceremony was to take place : here Mr. Cleveland was received with every mark of respect and affection by the chiefs who were already assembled and even the woman and the children contended who should be most forward in expressing their regard.

‘They had built a small open hut in the village, on purpose for his reception, and the following morning every person in the neighbourhood was collected to be present at the annual sacrifice.

‘The ceremony took place about nine o’clock. Before a small



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hut, and about six feet from the ground, was raised a kind of altar made of bamboos. The grand sacrifice was preceded by the decollation of a kid and a cock, the heads of which were thrown upon the altar, and their remained ; little attention however was paid to this part of the ceremony by any of the party present. An hour or more afterwards, we were apprised that the principal rite was about to be performed, and we repaired in cosequence without less of time, to the place of rendezvous.

‘The people had purchased a fine large buffalo, which they had fattened, and were now dragging with ropes by the horns, towards the spot where the kid and the cock had been already sacrificed. The animal was brought, with much difficulty, to the place of sacrifice, where the chief of the village attended : he was perfectly naked, except a cloth round his middle, and held a large and bright sabre in his hand. The place round the altar was soon crowded with people ; men, women and children attended, and the young men were all perfectly naked. To prevent the escape of the animal, they first ham-stringed him and then began the dreadful operation. The chief stood on the left side of the animal, and with his sabre striking the upper part of the neck near to the shoulder, must have given exquisite pain to the poor animal, who expressed it with great violence, by writhing, bellowing, and struggling with theose that held him; indeed, their utmost exertions were scarcely sufficient to prevent him from breaking away. This horrid business continued for the space of more than a quarter of an hour, before the spine of the neck was cut through. When the animal fell, the Melchisadeck of the day still continued his work, and it was some time before the head was perfectly separated. Previous to the last stroke, he seemed to pause, and an universal silence reigned : when this was given, he stood perfectly erect, and by raising the arm which held the sabre to the utmost extension, seemed to give signal to the multitude, who rushed in and began scooping up the blood of the animal, which had liberally flowed from him on the ground. This they drank up, mixed as it was with the dust and loam, and besmeared each other with their hands. Bodies of them rushed over bodies, and rolling in confused heaps, they appeared like an assemblage of demons or bacchanals in their most frantic moments. The body was next cut to pieces, and devoured ; the head how-

ever, was reserved, as those of the kid and the cock. So various are men in their conceptions concerning what may be most acceptable to the Deity. After the completion of this sacrifice, they retired to their several habitations in parties, and began the rejoicing of the day, which indeed, was devoted to universal relling and intoxication; and I could have wished, for the honour of the fair sex, that these latter excesses had been confined to the men. After the rites of Bacchus had far exceeded the bounds of temperance, those who were capable of sustaining an erect position began dancing, men and women promiscuously; others, in parties, roared out their extravagant joy in such strains, as may be supposed adapted to the present state of the performers, and the night concluded with a dead silence.'

III

Another early record is contained in Bishop Heber's *Narative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India*. In 1824 he stopped at Bhagalpur and recorded the following note based on information supplied by Captain Graham, 'an intelligent Scots officer on whom the whole management of the corps (of Hill Rangers has for the last five years devolved.'

'The Hill- people offer up frequent prayers to one Supreme Being, whom they call "Budo Gosae," which in their language means "Supreme God." Prayer to God is strictly enjoined morning and evening. They also offer up propitiatory sacrifices of buffaloes, goats, fowls, and eggs to several interior, and some evil deities.

"Malnad" is the tutelary genuis of each village; "Dewanee" the household god. "Pow" is sacrificed to before undertaking a journey. They appear to believe in a future state of rewards and punishments chiefly carried on by means of transmigration, the souls of the good being sent back to earth in the bodies of great men, and those of the wicked in brutes and even trees.

'The great God made everything. Seven brothers were sent to possess the earth; they give themselves the credit of being descended from the eldest, and say that the sixth was the father of the Europeans. Each brother was presented. on setting out, with a portion of the particular kind of food which he and his descendants were to eat. But the eldest had a portion of every kind of food,

ard in a *dirty dish*. This legend they allege as their reason for observing no restriction of meats, and for eating with or after any body. They say they are strictly forbidden by God to beat, abuse or injure their neighbours, and that a lie is the greatest of all crimes. Hog's blood appears to answer with them all the purposes which holy-water does with some other nations. If a person is killed by a tiger, it is the duty of his relations to avenge his death by killing one of these animals in return, on which occasion they resort to many strange ceremonies. They are great believers in witchcraft: every ache which the old commandant feels in his bones, and every disappointment or calamity which befalls him or any of his friends, he imputes to this cause, and menaces or bribes some old woman or other. They have also many interpreters of dreams among them, whom they call "Damauns," and believe to be possessed by a familiar spirit. When any of these die, they expose his body, without burial, in the jungle. They also suppose certain diseases to be inflicted by evil spirits, to whom they expose the bodies of such as die of them, those who die of smalt-pox are cast out into the woods, those who die of dropsy into the water.

They have no idols or images of any kind; a black stone found in the hills, is by some ceremonies consecrated and used as an altar. They have several festivals which are held in high reverence. The Chitturia is the greatest, but seldom celebrated on account of its expense. It lasts for five days, during which buffaloes, hogs, fruits, fowls, grains, and spirits are offered up to the gods, and afterwards feasted on. This is the only festival in which females are permitted to join. During its continuance they salute nobody, all honour being then appropriated to the gods. Polygamy is not forbidden, but seldom practised. The bridgeroom give a feast on occasion of the marriage; the bride's father addresses a speech to him, exhorting him to use his daughter well; the bridegroom then marks her forehead with red paint, links his little finger in hers, and leads her to his house. The usual mode of making oath is to plant two arrows in the ground the person swearing taking the blade of one and the feather of the other between his finger and thumb. On solemn occasions, however, salt is put on the blade of a sabre, and after the words of the oath are repeated, the blade being placed, on the under lip of the person sworn, the salt is washed into his mouth by him who administers it.'

THE TIGER-CULT AND ITS LITERATURE IN LOWER BENGAL

BY ASUTOSH BHATTACHARYYA

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MODERN society has not the relation which the society of primitive man had with the world of beasts. In the prehistoric age man and beast were constant neighbours and each endeavoured to hold his own against the other. At a time when owing to the laws of worldly changes men felt impotent to protect themselves, yet living in habitations surrounded by forests they could not remove to a far distance from the contact of beasts, they sought to save themselves by supernatural means. It was in consequence thereof that they conceived of particular deities indwelling particular beasts and tried to propitiate the outrageous beasts by worshipping the presiding deities.

In the pre-Aryan society of India tiger-worship was in vogue from the remotest past. The seal engraved with the image of Siva, Lord of beasts, that has been discovered at Mohenjo-daro has also, among other four principal beasts, the figure of a tiger engraved beside Siva.¹ Siva, the god of the ancient non-Aryan race of India, is clad in a tiger-skin and it is a tiger-skin which is his seat. Probably the tiger was the most primitive vehicle of Siva. Later, when cow-worship started in society, Siva was made to ride on a bullock, but a tiger skin was preserved for his wearing-cloth and seat. The legitimate conclusion from the association of this particular beast with the god Siva is that the tiger-worship of primitive society has subsequently got mixed with the Saiva cult. Another proof of the special vogue of tiger-worship in regions lying outside the pale of Aryan society in Northern India is that there is a community named Baghel Rajputs in Rajputana.² Perhaps they are the descendants of some primitive community of tiger-worshippers. In Central India also there is a tribe of tiger-worshippers.³ They worship tigers and never hunt them.

1. J. Marshal, *Mohenjo-daro and the Indus Civilization*, (London 1931), part 1, plate XII, fig. 17.

2. W. Crooke, *The Popular Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India* (Westminster, 1896), Vol. II, p. 211.

3. Cp. Verrier Elwin, *The Baiga* (London, 1939), pp. 351 f

If the Europeans lay any trap for tigers, they approach it at night and addressing the tigers in the forest they say that the trap was not laid by them, nor was it laid after consulting them—hence they should not be held responsible for it. The Bhils of Rajputana think that they are descendant of the stock of tigers. In Nepal also, a festival of the name of 'Bagh Yatra' is held. This is also a sort of tiger-worship; in it the worshippers put on marks of tigers and perform dances. The tiger-god in Nepal is called 'Bagh-Bhairav.' In the Mirzapur area of the United Provinces a tiger-god 'Baghesvar' by name is worshipped by the low-class people. Tiger-worship has been in vogue among the Santals of Chota Nagpur. The peasants of Bihar worship in some places a tigergod Vana-raj by name. The Kurku tribe of Hoshangabad in the Central Provinces worship a tiger-god designated Bagh-deo; in Berar also the worship of this Bagh-deo is performed. The tiger-worshippers of Hoshangabad are called Bhomkas. If any tiger enters a village and begins to commit depredations, these Bhomkas approach the tiger-god and offer him worship.

Tiger-worship on similar lines prevails in the Deccan. In a village in the Trichinopoly district three male figures can be found seated on the image of a tiger.¹ They perhaps represent some ancient tiger-god.

From the foregoing discussion alone it will have been sufficiently evident that it was among the tribes dwelling in the woods that tiger-worship was specially in vogue. This totemism originated principally in low-class society, and it runs counter to the exalted notion of Divinity entertained by the Aryans. Bengal has been surrounded by forests from a long time before; particularly the famous Royal Bengal tiger of the Sundarvans which is the pride and glory of Bengal is an old inhabitant of this land. For this reason, tiger-worship had perhaps been in vogue here for a very long period.² The form of tiger-worship as performed in Bengal does not tally, to any appreciable degree, with the mode of

1. H. Whitehead, *The Village Gods of South India* (Calcutta, 1921), p. 98.

2. S. C. Mitra, On some Curious Cults of Southern and Western Bengal, *Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay*, Vol. XI, pp. 438-454.

(tiger-worship performed in some places in Central India. From this alone it is apparent that no particular system of this worship was imported into Bengal from outside. The people inhabiting the district adjoining the Sundarvans have not the same relations as the non-Aryan tiger-worshipping sects outside Bengal have, with the tiger. In some of the non-Aryan societies living outside Bengal the tiger deserves respect and worship as a totem¹, but tiger-worship in Bengal is mainly the outcome of an occasional tiger-scare. The Bengali has got no totemic relationship with the tiger. With the expansion of town-life fear of tigers has almost disappeared from Bengali society. Bengal in particular is thickly populated. There is besides no forest here except in the Sundarvans and even here human habitations are to be found everywhere. This is why tiger-worship has not made much headway in this province. This temporary and local particular type of animal-worship was perhaps introduced into society before the expansion of town-life, but now this form of worship is not much heard of.

In Bengal a god is conceived to be the presiding deity of tigers—his name is Daksin Ray. Though this presiding deity of the tigers is considered to be worthy of divine worship, yet the tiger is not aborable by the local inhabitants—it is rather killable at will. As already stated Bengal is not related to the tiger totemically. The deity is called Daksinraj or Daksin kay, because he is the presiding deity of the south of Bengal. It is in the south of Bengal that the region of the Sundarvans, the famous abode of tigers, lies. This is why the deity presiding over it, is deemed to be of the south. There are some who hold that Daksin Ray was a reputed hunter of the Sundarvans; he hunted many a tiger and alligator by means of his bow and arrows; by degrees he was deified. It is said that this Daksin Ray was the general of Mukut Ray, king of Brahmannagar in Jessore. He possessed the title

1 For the proper implication to the word see J. G. Frazer *Tolemism and Exogamy* (London, 1910), Vol. I, pp. 3-4. For recent accounts of the origin of a tiger sept, see Verries Elwin, *The Agaria* (Bombay, 1934), pp. 78 ff.; Shamrao Hivale, *The Pardhans* (Bombay, 1946), pp. 34 f.; Verrier Elwin, *Folk-Tales of Mahakoshal* (Bombay, 1944), pp. 393, 416, L24.

of Bhatishvarī (or, the ruler of eighteen *Bhatīs* or southern districts) since he was the governor of lower Bengal. Of course there may be some historical truth at the bottom of these stories, for it is found that on the death of an English hunter—Captain Pole by name—of Travancore in the Deccan, the local people gave him offerings as unto a god in order 'to propitiate his spirit and invoke his continued aid against wild beasts.'²

Many places of worship of Dakṣin Ray can be seen in the southern part of 24 Parganas and Khulna. Generally it is the people inhabiting the woods such as the Maulyas, Malangis, Pods Bagdis, Bunos, wood-cutters, hunters and boatmen who worship him. In some villages inhabited by the gentry also there are temples of Dakṣin Ray, but generally his abode lies under an old banyan tree, a *peepul* tree, a wood apple tree or a *nim* tree (*Melia azadirachta*).

In some places an earthen mound, in other places a piece of stone besmeared with vermilion, in still others, only a fanciful head of the deity are placed as images. This god is worshipped under almost all the hoary-headed trees standing on the banks of each and every river and canal in the Sundarvans. He is held in special worship on the Makar Sakaranti day; otherwise he may be worshipped at any time according to necessity or in fulfilment of a mental vow. It is the one or two narrative poems that have been composed on the theme of this Dakṣin Ray that are called Ray Mangal.

Dakṣin Ray is one of the few popular male village deities of Bengal.³ Of course everywhere in Northern and Southern India the god of the tigers is a male. His conception bespeaks aesthetic sense of a high order. He is endowed with divine features, his

1. S. C. Mitra, 'On a Mussalmani Legend,' *Journal of the Department of Letters*, Vol. X, p. 167.

2. L. S. S. O., Malley, *Popular Hinduism* (Cambridge, 1935), p. 174.

3. See S. K. Mitra, 'The Cult of Dakṣin Ray in Southern Bengal,' *Hindusthan Review*, January, 1923, pp. 167-71.

hands clasp a bow and arrows and he rides on a tiger.¹ Though we get this description of Daksin Ray in his hymns and adorations, yet the system of worshipping him in an image answering to this description is not much in vogue. This beautiful conception of the deity is much more refined and elevated than that of the primitive stone-worshipping people. So it seems that its origin is of a much later date and free from Puranic influence.

Bengali folk-literature is full of tiger-stories. In the Dharma Mangal Kavya, the narrative poetry of Western Bengal, there is a detailed story of a fight between the hero Lausen and Kamdal, a tiger-like character. There the whole life-story of the tiger, beginning with an account of his birth, has been described in the manner of a human character. But there is no allusion to the tiger-god Daksin Ray in it. Hence this story is an entirely distinct one, and it must have originated and developed elsewhere. Exploits of Daksin Ray, the tiger-god, have been described in narrative verse known as Ray Mangal by a few medieval Bengali poets, chief among whom is one Krisnaram Das. He describes that appearing in a dream before him Daksin Ray supplied him with the following epitome of his story :—

As king Prabhakar heard from the mouth of the sage, he worshipped the ever benignant Siva, and obtained the boon of a son. I myself became his son. The king cleared forests and set up a new kingdom. In course of time I married the daughter of Dharinaketu and we two went to Kailas by giving up our bodies through Yoga. By the boon of Hara, I became the ruler of the South, and first of all received worship at the city. Kalu Ray sent me to Hijli town but the king there did not show me any respect. Accordingly I killed his son and subsequently brought him back to life. As a result, he worshipped me devoutly with a number of offerings. A merchant named Devadatta of Bardaha was long imprisoned in the city of Turanga. In deference to my suggestion, his son Puspadata went out on a voyage with seven vessels in quest of his father. On the way he saw a deceitful sight and told the king about it. The king, however, did not see a similar sight and was therefore ready to behead him. The son of the merchant took refuge with me at the time of his death, and in his strait I flew to him and saved him². I myself went forth to fight with a number

1. For a portrait of this Daksin Ray see *The Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay*, Vol. III. p. 105.

2. The reading in the MS (loc. cit. here is "सङ्कटे आमि निरा करिनु रक्षन ।" A slightly different reading altering the sense has been adopted here by some. See S. Sen, *Vangala Sahityer Itiha*, (Calcutta, 1940), p. 638.

of tigers, killed king Suratha and all his army. The queen approached me and offered many prayers. I was moved to mercy, and revived them all. The daughter of the king was married to Puspadata, and both father and son came back to their country. The great hero Puspadata built me a temple and worshipped me with great devotion. Sing me a poem on the lines just indicated. With this Daksin Ray went back to his own abode.¹

Only one manuscript of Ray Mangal in its complete form has so far been discovered.² No work containing the whole narrative in accordance with the above resume is available. It cannot be said whether any such complete narrative was at all composed or not. The episode of Devadata and Pushpadata was written in full, and that is also available in full. As it has nowhere been published so far in its complete form, let me give it below :—

Ratai Baulya of Baddaha was commanded by a merchant to construct vessels. So he entered, a deep forest by boat with his six brothers and son in order to collect wood therefor. There they hewed much wood; seven or eight boats were laden with wood. As they made ready to return, they caught sight of a big tree, and felled it all in a body. That tree was indwelt by Daksin Ray. He was highly incensed at this, and ordered the six tigers that were his attendants as follows :—

‘Don’t kill Ratai Baulya and his son. Kill his six brothers forthwith.’

The six brothers of Ratai were done to death by the tigers. Ratai asked his son to return home, and was about to commit suicide out of a overwhelming sense of grief for his brothers, when a voice from heaven revealed that it came from Daksin Ray and that he had taken away the lives of his six brothers as they had felled the tree indwelt by him. He added that Ratai might get back the lives of his brothers if he could worship him by offering his son as a sacrifice. On that very spot Ratai held the worship of

1. Krishnaram Das, *Ray Mangal*, Calcutta University MS, No. 1798 folio 1 (b).

2. Krishnaram Das, *op. cit.* In describing the narrative of Ray Mangal here the Calcutta University MS has been followed through.

Daksin Ray and offered his son as a sacrifice. The deity was propitiated and restored the lives of Ratai's six brothers and son.

Accompanied by all Ratai returned to Baddaha. The name of the merchant who engaged him as a boat-builder was Puspadatta. Puspadatta heard of the glory and greatness of Daksin Ray from Ratai. In order that he might get a skilled artisan to build boats with the wood procured, he began to wave a golden basket round the city so that the artisan who considered himself efficient might come forward to catch hold of it. Mahadeva, the lord of Kailas, commanded Visvakarma and Hanuman to get down and build boats for Puspadatta. They came down in human form, constructed seven boats in seven *dandas*, narrated the whole thing to the merchant in a dream, and then vanished. Puspadatta performed the worship of the best of these boats in due rites, and named it Madhukar. Then he approached the king of the country to receive necessary permission for a foreign voyage. The name of the king was Madan. Addressing him Puspadatta said, 'My sorrows know no bounds. I am indeed always troubled at heart. Providence, as I see, is very hard on me, You sent my father abroad in order that he might bring back valuable treasure. But I have not seen him since my birth. Tears trickle down my cheeks in spite of myself, though I live at ease in my own house. The grief of my mother is simply indescribable. She has given up eating. I am inclined to go in quest of my father. Please grant me leave, O meritorious one !'

The king said, 'You are a mere urchin, how can you venture upon such a perilous undertaking ? You had better go back home and live at ease. Your father is sure to come back.' At length at the earnest and persistent entreaties of Puspadatta, and his final threat of making an end of himself, the king permitted him to go abroad. Puspadatta fitted out his vessels and made preparations for the journey. The boats were filled with various articles. As Susila, mother of Puspadatta, heard of his journey abroad she was simply beside herself with sorrow, and yielded to incessant tears. She performed the worship of Daksin Ray and offered him many prayers. Said she, 'I tell you with folded hands that I have none but you as my refuge. I pray that whenever my son will fall into serious straits you may be kind enough to recover him there-

from. Your face outshines Indra's and your beauty outdoes Madan's (Cupid's). O king of the South, who is there to succour and befriend me save you? I have but one son. Kindly preserve him by your grace.'

Pleased at the prayers of Susila, Daksin Ray appeared before her, and assured her that 'he would protect her son under all dangers and difficulties.' At the time of leave-taking the mother gave her son the sanctified food offered to Daksin Ray, and said, 'Whenever you get into trouble or apprehend the loss of your life, meditate on the two feet of Daskin Ray.' Then she placed the hand of her son on that of the helmsman and delivered him to his care making him promise to look to the constant welfare of her son.

At an auspicious moment Puspadatta set out in quest of his father by Madhukar. He left Baddaha behind, performed the worship of Balaram at Kalyanpur, sailed past Hoglepathnrgkata, adored Aradya Siva at Baraset, and then reached Khania. There he worshipped the sacred spot of Daksin Ray and seeing the habitation of a Pir just in front of it, Puspadatta asked the helmsman all about it. A number of Fakirs were worshipping an earthen mound there. Beside the mound Daksin Ray in the shape of a head was also present. The helmsman described in detail the story of Badagazikhan's feud with Daksin Ray and their subsequent reconciliation. Said he, once a mighty quarrel ensued between Daksin Ray and Badagazikhan; neither could beat the other. Seeing that the earth was sinking down in consequence of their feud, God appeared before both of them in the form of half Shrikrishna and half Payagambar (Prophet) and effected a reconciliation between them. According to the terms of the truce, it was decided that the whole Bhati (Southern districts) would be in the possession of Daksin Ray, Hijli would fall to Kalu Ray, and everywhere people would show respect to the name of the holy Pir Badagazikhan; everybody must worship the burial spot of Badagazikhan and the symbol of the head of Daksin Ray. It is from that very date that Badagazikhan and Daksin Ray are being worshipped in the earthen mound and earthen head respectively.¹

1. The narrative of Ray Mangal as described by N. N. Basu in his *Visvakos*, (Calcutta, 1304 B. E., Vol. VIII, p. 289) ends here.

When Puspadatta was told this story, he worshipped the sacred spot of Dakṣin Ray there. Then he left that place, came to Chatrabhog, and adored Tripur-Bhavani there. After this he crossed the Magra, and arrived at the Gangasagar. There the story of the destruction of the race of Sagar and the incident of Bhagiratha's bringing down the Ganges were related by Puspadatta. Then he passed the realm of king Martanda, and reached the coast of Orissa. There Puspadatta gave a discourse on Jagannathdeva. Then they went to Ramesvar. Here Puspadatta entertained his companions with a brief story of the *Ramayana* as well. From there they gradually sailed past Srihadyadaha, Kakdadaha, and Jokadaha.

In the course of visiting various strange scenes on the ocean they sailed on sometimes in fear, and at other times in intense delight. Subsequently as they reached Rajdaha, Puspadatta saw a wonderful sight—it seemed as if a marvellous mansion stood in the very heart of the sea.

Puspadatta was amazed at the sight of this wonderful vision. He asked his companions to look at it, but they informed him that they saw nothing but water ahead.

Crossing the sea Puspadatta at last reached the city of Turanga. He brought the seven vessels alongside the shore. On receipt of the news the king of the land sent the head of police to collect information about him. With suitable presents Puspadatta got ashore and started to have an interview with the king. On the way he saw the vast prosperity of the city of Turanga.² Then he

2. Dr Sukumar Sen, author of *Vaṅgala Sahityer Itihas*. op. cit. writes that the MS is mutilated after this (p. 645). By the MS he has no doubt meant the MS of the Calcutta University, for in connection with his discussion on Ray Mangal it is to the MS of Calcutta University that he has referred (Cp. 636). But he has passed the above remark about it perhaps because he could not get the opportunity of having a look at the MS himself. For even after it, the MS consists of full ten (Folios. XVI-XXV) folios or twenty pages, and the whole narrative, in accordance with the abstract given before, is available. In our present discussion I have followed up the MS till the end.

laid the presents before Surath, king of Turanga, and revealed his identity.

The king Surath affectionately asked him the reason of his arrival.

The merchant said, 'Listen to my mission, O king. I live in the city of Baddaha where the great king Madam rules. The name of my father is Devadatta. He has long been away from home on a mercantile voyag. It is in quest of my father that I have come here. My name is Puspadata.

The king Surath praised his wonderful devotion to his father, and asked him how he came there. In course of describing the route of his voyage Puspadata mentioned also the fact of his wonderful vision of the strange mansion in the sea. Hearing this impossible story from the mouth of Puspadata the king took him to task.

The merchant said, 'Why do you reprimand me, O king ? It is a very difficult thing indeed to show the mansion in the sea, but if I fail to show it to you I give you my word that I shall have no objection to your seizing the seven vessels belonging to me and decapitating me as well.'

'And' said the king, 'If I really see a mansion inside the sea, I shall give away my kingdom as well as my daughter.'

Puspadata took the king Surath to Rajdaha, but no means could he show the magic mansion to the king. As a result he was incacerated. The king ordered the head of the police to behead him on the execution-ground on the following day.

Thrown into the prison Puspadata began to sing the praises of Dakshin Ray. Propitiated by his praises, Dakshin Ray assured him of safety.

On the following day when the police officer took Puspadata to the place of execution, all of a sudden troops of tigers came forth to fight at the behest of Dakshin Ray, and caused havoc to the city of Turanga. People took to their heels for their very lives—those who fell before them, lost their lives. The soldiers of the king were scattered in all directions because of the attack of tigers. The tigers tore off the beard and moustache of the police officer, broke his head and inflicted infinite trouble on him. Riding a chariot

Daksin Ray himself came to the place of execution to protect his devotee. He entered into a fight with king Surath also. The king fought with Daksin Ray with wonderful heroism, and at last died.

Information reached the queen that the king lay dead on the field of battle. She came out forthwith with her companions. 'Alas ! I am undone,' said she, as she rushed forth with dishevelled hair, and eyes bathed in tears. She went weeping to where the king lay dead, and saw a river of blood there. She struck her head with her hand and seizing the feet of her dead husband and she began to question him with what god he was in enmity that such a fate should overtake them. 'I am all alone and friendless without you' said she to her lord. The king of the South who was in a chariot in the air addressed the queen and said, 'I am the king of the South but you do not worship me, and yet you have the audacity to behead the son of my female-devotee. Why do you weep in vain ? Promise me first that you will give your daughter in marriage with the merchant. If the king makes my image and worships me, he is sure to get back his life.'

The queen promised to abide by the directions of Daksin Ray. At once sprinkling the water of the *Amritakunda* he revived the dead king and the dead soldiers. The king and queen got ready to marry their daughter Ratnavati to Puspadatta, but Daksin Ray had already informed Puspadatta that his father lay confined in the prison of king Surath and that he should procure his father's release. Accordingly Puspadatta demanded of the king that all the prisoners in his jail should be committed to his care. The king too readily agreed. Searching among the prisoners Puspadatta discovered his father. As to the cause of his incarceration Devadatta said that he had seen a strange vision at Rajdaha, and told the king about it but failing to show it to the king he had been subject to such a long-term imprisonment. Thereupon Puspadatta revealed his identity to him. Father and son were at once reunited. Then Puspadatta married Ratnavati, procured the release of his father fitted out his vessels and got back to his country. His mother welcomed her new daughter-in-law very cordially. Hearing of the glory and greatness of Daksin Ray, king Madan performed his worship. Devadatta also held his

worship. Everywhere the worship of Daksin Ray was thus propagated.¹

The original portion of this narrative consists merely of the account of a fight between Daksin Ray and Badakazikhan. The whole portion excepting it has been composed after the story of merchant Dhanapati in Chandi Mangal, a medieval Bengali narrative folk-poetry of considerable literary merit. We are inclined to think that there is some historical truth behind the episode of Daksin Ray and Badagazikhan. As Daksin Ray has been supposed to be an historical person, so may Badakazikhan also be presumed to have been some historical person of the region of the Sundarvans.

In the Muslim community also poems have been composed on this theme by some Mahommedan poets. The ravages of tigers are awful to the Hindus and Mahommedan alike. For this reason

1. Here ends the text alluded to before. Hence we see that there we are in possession of the whole episode of Devadatta and Puspadata according to the former summary. Towards the end, however, the MS may have lost a few lines, for it does not contain the line which should have got the word, with which the word in the last line of the MS was to have rhymed. Of course it does not make any difference to the narrative proper. Inasmuch as the story has been written in full according to the summary given before there are grounds enough to think that the portion of the MS, which has suffered from any mutilation after it, is practically negligible, and no other story has also been composed on this theme. Separate stories on king Prabhakar and Kalu Ray were not also perhaps composed at all according to the given summary ever included in Ray Mangal.

The narrative as told by Dr. Sukumar Sen in his *Vangala Sahityer Itihas*, (op. cit., pp. 639-645) is not only incomplete, but also erroneous. He has mentioned that Devadatta saw a strange sight at Rajdaha, but there is no such thing in the MS. Therein it has been said that it was Puspadata who saw a wonderful vision at Rajdaha, and not Devadatta. Besides, there is not the slight hint in MS as to the manner in which the narrative should have began in his opinion.

both the communities have sought for means in the same way to get rid of these molestations. A story almost the similar to the original portion of Ray Mangal is current among the Muslim population of Lower Bengal, especially the 24 Parganas. Perhaps both have sprung from the same source. In a poem named Banabibi Johura a mixed narrative composed of Daksin Ray conceived by the Hindus and Banabibi² conceived by the Musalmans, can be met with. This is undoubtedly the Muslim edition of the Ray Mangal narrative. The narrative is briefly as follows :

There was once a merchant who lived in Kalinga. One day he set out by boat in order to collect honey and wax from the Sundarvans. His cousin accompanied him. The name of the boy was Dukhe who was the only child of his poor widowed mother. Sending her only son into the deep forest, Dukhe's mother invoked Banabibi in tears, saying,

'Thou art the mother of the helpless, and thou destroyest dangers and difficulties. O mother, I pray that thou wilt be kind enough to protect my darling Dukhe out of thine own grace.'

The merchant got into the thick of the forest with his company. Having performed the warship of Daksin Ray the merchant disembarked from the boat. Dukhe was left behind in the boat. The merchant and his party went into the heart of the woods to gather honey. They roamed through the forest all the day long, but they could not procure a single drop of honey. Daksin Ray played tricks with them, and concealed all the honey of the forest.

In utter despondency the merchant returned to his boat in the evening, and soon fell fast asleep through sheer exhaustion. At

1. Composed by Munshi Bayanunddin and published for the first time by Afazuddin Ahamed from Calcutta, 337/2, Upper Chitpur Road in 1284 B. E. (1878)

2. This Banabibi has been supposed by some to be a Sylvan goddess (see S. C. Mitra, 'On a Mussalmani Legend', *Journal of the Department of Letters* op. cit, p. 167). There is a popular Hindu goddess in Bengal named Bana Durga who is somewhat different in character but must have originated from the same source with Banabibi of Mussalmani legend. In Nepal Bana Durga is the name of *Nava Patrika* or Durga.

that time Daksin Ray appeared before him in a dream. At the sight of him the merchant apprised him of his miserable condition, and asked him to supply him with honey and wax, as otherwise he would give up his life before his very eyes. Daksin Ray told him that he would fulfill his desire, but then before he did so, he must have Dukhe as a sacrifice unto him. At first the merchant declined to do so, but finally he decided to himself to offer him as a sacrifice to Daksin Ray. The deity was pleased, and filled his boat with honey and wax. When they were on their way back they all pushed Dukhe overboard.

Dukhe somehow got ashore when Daksin Ray assumed the likeness of a tiger and was about to devour him. Dukhe shut his eyes and remembered Banabibi who came up and took him in her lap. At once Daksin Ray in the likeness of a tiger showed a clean pair of heels. At the behest of Banabibi, her brother Jangali went forward to drive Daksin Ray out of the forest. Being routed Daksin Ray took refuge with Jenda Gazi (or Badagazikhan) who assured him of safety. Banabibi also forgave Daksin Ray.

In this narrative, of course the superiority of Banabibi over Daksin Ray has been established, but in Ray Mangal reconciliation between Daksin Ray and Badagazikhan has been shown.

Krisnaram, one of the later poets of Ray Mangal has spoken of one Madhavacarya as having been the earliest writer on the subject, but not being satisfied at the poem of Madhavacarya, this tiger-god Daksin Ray commanded through a dream another poet of a later day to compose this poem. This Madhavacarya appears to be the famous Madhavacarya, poet of Chandi Mangal. But we have not come across any manuscript of Madhavacarya's *Ray Mangal*. In the Chittagong area *Ganga Mangal*, a work written by him, has been in circulation, but nowhere else has any allusion to his *Ray Mangal* been made.

Next to him, it was the poet Krisnaram who wrote his *Ray Mangal*. In accordance with the conventions of the Bangali narrative folk-poetry Krisnaram also has indicated a ground for the origin of his work. It is as follows :—

‘Listen, O ye learned, to the wonderful story of the birth of this poem. There is a beautiful pargana Khaspur by name. Badisya

is a place therein. There I went on a Monday in the month of Bhadra. At night I went to bed in a milkman's house having the roof made of nipa-palm leaves. Towards the small hours of the morning I dreamed that a great personage appeared before me riding on a tiger. He was very handsome-looking. His figure was tall, and his hands clasped a bow and arrows. He gave out to me that he was Daksin Ray and said, "Sing my praises by means of a *Pacali* (narrative verse). This will be circulated in eighteen *bhatis* (lower districts). Formerly Madhavacarya composed a poem in my honour, but this has not commended itself to my liking. In that work there is no mention of the place of execution, besides, the merchant has been made to play at dice, the language of the poem is moreover vulgar. The *Gayens* (musicians) have no knowledge of any poem having been written in my praise. So they arrange for the recital of other poems, and sing the *pala* of *Jagaran*. They sing sheer nonsense, and cut merry pranks which the Maulyas and Malangis enjoy to their heart's content.'

In order to induce the poet to write the poem Daksin Ray endowed him with a special power before he vanished. This was rather unique among the whole range of Bengali folk-poetry. He said that 'if there is any one to be found who does not like your poem, extirpate him with his whole family by the help of tigers.' Daksin Ray gave the poet power to destroy by means of tigers anyone who would not approve of his poem. Yet the poet expressed his inability to compose a poem inasmuch as he considered himself to be no better than a child. Then the deity sang his praises himself, and let the poet hear of them. It was this that emboldened poet Krisnaram to compose his *Pacali* by 'meditating on the lovely lotus-feet of Ray.'

In his poem the poet has mentioned also the date of its composition. It is seen therefrom that the *Ray Mangal* was composed by Krisnaram in 1608 of the Saka Era or 1686 A. D.

The poet gives the following account of himself in his poem :—

'Krisnaram, who has composed Ray Mangal with single-minded devotion, is the son of Bhagavati Das, who comes of a Kayastha family of Nimita.'

We find that the poet's residence was at Nimita. The late

Hara Prasad Sastri wrote the following about this Nimita :— The residence of Krisnaram was at Nimita that lies within four *Krosas* of Calcutta, and half a Krosa east of Belgharia station. When he was alive, he was reputed as a poet, for even to-day one or two persons at Nimita take the name of poet Krisnaram, and point to his habitation. In that homestead nobody has lived for over a hundred years, yet the old men of the village believe it to have been the abode of Krisnaram. Krisnaram has no family left, but nobody can say whether he had any issue or not.¹

Krisnaram was a learned person. He has displayed considerable scholarship on the composition of his work. In some places he has shown skill enough in the poetical rendering of well-known Sanskrit verses into Bengali. Though a scholar his style is simple and lucid.

Save those spoken of above, I do not know of any one else who wrote on the subject. The deity of Ray Mangal is merely a local, popular deity. The conception of this poem and the deity in whose honour it has been composed originated in Lower Bengal, inasmuch as it is in this region that tigers make most havoc. It could not therefore possibly spread elsewhere. We do not meet with any god riding on a tiger in the ancient Hindu Puranas or Hindu and Buddhist sculpture. So this poem and this deity are the pure product of the local conception of the poet of a particular region of Bengal. Besides there is a popular tiger-god in North-Bengal— his name is Sona Ray, in whose name several ballads were composed. In the district of Mymensingh also in East-Bengal ballads on the tiger-god known as *Baghair Bayat* are in circulation. The supremacy of Daksin Ray exist to this day along with that of Badagazikhan, Kalugazikhan, Banabibi, etc., under the patronage of the Muslim community of Lower Bengal. The influence of Daksin Ray continues as unabated among the Mahomedans of that region as that of Badagazikhan, and Kalugazikhan in Hindu community. In the whole of 24 Parganas, and the south of Midnapur, Badagazi, Kalugazi and Daksin Ray receive equal homage as tiger-gods, from the Hindus as well as the Mahomedans. For this reason the literature that has grown up around this deity has also been composed of materials culled from both the communities.

1. H. P. Sastri, 'Krisnaramer Ray Mangal' *Sahitya*, 1300 B. E. (1894) pp. 112-13.

RITUAL FRIENDSHIP IN SANTAL SOCIETY

BY W. G. ARCHER

I

AMONG the tribes of Middle and Eastern India, ceremonial friendships between boys or men are an important factor in cementing society and extending the right of individuals.

The Oraons have two such alliances—the *iar* and *sangi* and Sarat Chandra Roy has described their formation as follows :—‘If the parents see no objection to such alliance they tell the boy, “you should bear in mind that you will have to remain friends to the end of your days.” On the boys’ agreeing to do so, each boy invites the other to a feast at his house where other guests too are, if possible, invited for the occasion. The boy makes a present of a cloth (dhoti) with some cash (ordinarily one rupee and four annas) tied up at one end of the cloth. A few pots of rice-beer are always prepared for such an occasion, and if possible a pig is killed. After drinking and feasting, all salute one another and the guests depart. On a subsequent day a return-feast is provided and presents made in the same way by the other *iar* or *sangi*. Thenceforth at every festival the two *iards* or *sangis* must entertain each other at their respective houses. At all festivities the two *iards* or *sangis* keep together. When they are married, their wives call each other *iarins* or *sangins* as the case may be. It is important to note that no matrimonial connexion is permitted, between families of two *sangis* or *iards*, although they may belong to different clans. If, however, a branch of the family of one friend has migrated to another village there is no objection to a marriage of a member of the other friend’s family with a member of such non-resident branch of his friend’s family.

‘Such are some of the devices by which the different sections of an Oraon village-community are welded into one united whole.’¹

Similar unions are sanctioned by Birhors. ‘When two boys perceive a strong attachment for each other and desire to make the bond permanent, they enter into a form of artificial friendship with the approval of their parents.’ In a phul (or flower) friendship, the two boys stick flowers above each other’s ear, ‘clasp each

¹ S. C. Roy, *The Oraons* (Ranchi, 1915), pp. 404-5.

other in a cordial embrace, call each other 'my flower' and swear eternal friendship. Mutual feasting and present of clothes to each other follow either on the same day or on a subsequent day.'

Two other types of Birhor friendship are called *karamdair* and *jitiadair*. The *karamdair* is celebrated on the morning following the *karam* festival and employs the same ritual as a flower alliance except that in place of blossom a karam leaf is stuck above the ear. Similarly for a *jitiadair* friendship, a jitia leaf is worn and the alliance is solemnised before a branch of the jitia tree at the jitia puja.¹

Among the Baigas, there is also 'a highly developed theory and organization of friendship, which include five types of greater friendship somewhat on the Hindu model, and also 'the lighter, more easily achieved, phul friendship.' These phul friendship,' says Verrier Elwin 'have a simpler ritual of admission. Two friends may be going through the forest or the fields; they feel a sudden wave of affection for one another. They pick a flower, a creeper, some vegetable, put it over each other's ears and greet each other by the appropriate name. Such friendships as these are often made by children, and often lightly and laughingly. Yet they are real enough, and may last as long as the others. They are of many different titles, though there is no difference in degree or quality between them. Among them may be mentioned the *kodon-karil* (shoot of the *kodon*), *char-maur* (flower of the *buchanania latifolia*) the *lal bhaji* (red spinach), the *gulab-phul* (flower of the rose), *amarbel* (the never-dying creeper), the *kelapan* (leaf of the plantain), the *gonda-phul* (flower of the marigold), the *amamaur* (the flower of the mango), the *tilwan-phul* (the flower of the *wendlandia exserta*).²

Baiga friendships do not seem to have any far-reaching civil or sexual consequences. They are 'smoking and drinking partnerships rather than sentimental romances.'

II

Among Santals, friendship among boys is similarly formalised in three institutions. The most important are the *phul* friendship

1 S. C. Roy, *The Bihors* (Ranchi, 1925), pp. 527-9.

2 Verrier Elwin, *The Baiga* (London, 1939), p. 234.

and the alliance known as *karmu dharmu*. *Phul* friendships are closer to the Birhor than the Baiga model and are usually solemnized at the *Sibrat* melas. The two boys attend the mela with their friends. Each takes a brass plate with some sweets, a flower garland and a cloth. When the mela is over each garlands the other and gives him all he has brought. The witnesses then ratify the alliance by sharing the sweets.

While such friendships are fairly common, the tie of *karmu dharmu* on the other hand perpetuates a ritual act and is correspondingly rarer. At the *dangua karam* festival which is celebrated only once in five years, the *jojmanjhi* tells two unmarried boys of the same sept to erect the *karam* branch. These two boys are called *karmu* and *dharmu* and continue in this role until they are married. When the festival is over, they take the branch away report themselves to the *manjhi* and are given a meal of cold rice. This meal ratifies their ritual partnership and inaugurates a tie of permanent friendship.

Both of these friendships have important consequences. They are primarily pacts of mutual assistance and are thus forms of insurance against crisis. If the occasion demands it the friends share each other's wedding expenses, help each other in cultivation and lend each other plough cattle, they rally to each other's aid at birth, sickness or death, and assist each other with loans that are free of interest. It is important to note, however, that this intimate association concerns only the two friends and not their children and the alliance has no effect on the ownership of movables or land. The friends are brothers by courtesy rather than by legal adoption and even if a *phul* dies heirless, his friend has no claim to his property.

The third type of Santal friendship is known as *jom nu gate*. This is not attended with ritual and is more a description of a fact than a formal alliance. When two boys begin to go about together—to weddings, festivals, and melas—when they are always seen eating and drinking from the same plate and bowl, people start to call them *jom nu gate*. The tie lasts as long as the friends wish. It is not as enduring as marriage, as final as death. Neither does it make the friends brothers. It carries with it no obligation of economic aid. It is a form of companionship which like the

'smoking and drinking partnerships' of Baigas starts in youth and sometimes lingers on to flavour manhood and to mellow middleage.

III

If a tradition of friendship colours the relationships of Santal boys, similar institutions cement the friendships of women. For Santal girls the major types of union are *phul* and *karamdar*. These are parallel to the flower and karmu dharmu friendships of boys and are solemnized in similar manners. Two girls become *phuls* by exchanging presents, sweets and garlands, at a mela in the presence of their friends; while the two girls who do the circling ceremony of the *karam* put leaves from the branch in each other's hair, are given cold rice by the *manjhi* and are then recognised as life-long *karamdar*.

These alliances are important both as emotional supports and as means to domestic aid. The friends give each other presents such as little rings or bangles, put flowers in each other's hair and sometimes exchange clothes. At a wedding, the bride gives her *phul* or *karamdar* a necklace of flowers or beads. After marriage the two visit each other, attend weddings together in their villages or go to each other with presents at the festival of *S-hrae*. If there is illness in her family, a *phul* takes help from her friend. The alliance represents an intimacy of the heart, a means of comfort. It adds a new zest to joys and assists a girl in facing sorrow.

A third and more trivial friendship is termed *baha phul*. This is a 'going about' pact, the equivalent of a drinking and smoking partnership. Two girls pick flowers from the same tree and each puts a flower in her hair. One of them then lets her flower fall down and the other picks up and puts it in her own hair. Then she takes her own flower and gives it to the other. After that when the two meet they give each other flowers. They go to weddings and festivals together and give each other little presents. They share each other's food but do not become sisters. Their friendship is more a declaration of affection, a public announcement of youthful love than a pact of mutual aid.

IV

But besides linking two friends, the alliance by *phul* or *karam* has the important consequence of creating a new incest situation.

The friandship in either of its major forms puts each of the parties into a new relation to the others' fammily. In the case of boys, the ritual gives each of them the status of brothers while the parallel alliance for girls has the effect of converting the partners into sisters. A boy who is phul or karmu dharmu to another boy is therefore debarred from relations with his friend's sister, motnei, step-mother, mother-in-law and so on and is exposed to the same penalties for a breach of a prohibited relation as if his friend were a true brother. Equally a girl who is phul or karamdar to another girl cannot have relations with the girl's brother, father, step-father or with any of a true sister's prohibited relations. This relationship affects only the parties themselves and does not act as a bar to the inter-marriage of their children, but it is of great importance in ordinary life and ereates, in effect, a supplementary code of exogamy. It is this consequence which gives to the institution of ritual friendship a major significance in Santal society.

PSYCHIATRIST TO ANTHROPOLOGIST

THREE LETTERS

I

248709 Capt Emanuel,

41 B G H,

Hospital Town East,

Bangalore.

11-5-46

Dear Dr Elwin,

It was a pleasure to receive your letter on 29-4-46 and flattering to be asked what points about primitive hygiene would be of interest. May I jot down the things that come into my head ?

(1) *Defaecation.*

Where is it performed ? (for example, in a special part of the field ?). Why ? What toilet is performed afterwards ? (It seems to me that the use of the left hand for this purpose and the right for eating gives right and left a shade of symbolism that in Europe is absent). Is this toilet elaborate and obsessional or casual ? What consequences are thought to follow if it is performed wrongly ? Are they anxious about constipation ? (What a feature of our culture this is !) How do they explain it ? And treat it ? And the same questions with diarrhoea. Any fanciful ideas about blood in the stools ?

(2) *Micturition.*

Position ? Why ? (The emphasizing of a sex difference here may be important in a culture—isn't it so with the Pardhans ?) What explanation is given of frequency of micturition—and of obstruction !

(3) *Ablution.*

Is there an obsessional ritual ? Or only on ceremonial occasions ? How is this ritual explained ? (or example, doing feet before hands, etc ?) How are the mouth, eyes, ears cared for ? Any fanciful ideas about the secretions of these or other parts of the body ? Is dirt from the navel, or saliva, or semen, used for any special purpose ?

(4) *Menstruation.*

Disposal of soiled clothes and rags ? Their use for magic ? Various ways of binding up the vulva during menstruation. Of

course, there's the widespread taboo on intercourse and the idea that menstruation represents intercourse between a spirit and the woman. Is there a special method of ablution on termination of menstruation?

(5) *Cutting of hair and nails*. Method Disposal. Cleaning of wax from ear. Method and disposal. Theories of its formation.

(6) *Nasal secretions*. Sneezing, etc. For example, in our culture there is a superstition that the soul leaves the body during a sneeze, and we say 'God bless you.'

(7) *Copulation*.

Position. Place where practised. Time of day. Explanations given for this. The position must often be of great significance—e.g., the European preference for the man as 'top-dog' and abhorrence of coitus *more ferarum*.

I think I have covered every orifice of the body, and I hope not so rapidly as to fail to indicate that what interests me is the tiny detail of hygiene which yet epitomizes an important feature of the culture.

Yours Sincerely,
ELLIOT EMANUEL

II

5-8-46.

Dear Elwin,

I was very pleased to get the bundle of copies of *Man in India* and reprints of some of your papers. I took them on leave with me lately. You ask for critical reactions and while reading I did make one or two notes which I will expand in the hope that you may find them useful.

Your 'Vagina Dentata' paper is fascinating and deserves to become classical. I have only to suggest that understanding of these stories will come by seeing their origin in the speculation and fantasy of the aboriginal child—they are remnants in his adult consciousness of fears and imaginings which he experienced as a child and we will only fully understand them if we investigate the

1 Verrier Elwin. 'The Vagina Dentata Legcud', *The British Journal of Medical Psychology*, Vol. XIX (1942), pp. 439-53.

child's dreaming, his symbolic play and his conscious theorizing on sex. I am sure you will get the material, perhaps unknown to me have published it.

In Archer's paper on 'Forcible Marriage'¹ (the Santal *inputut*) the symbolism of the vermillion mark representing the blood of defloration is very clear and I felt it might have been explicitly mentioned. The reaction of everybody is as if the girl *had* been raped.

Just how a story about a witch derives from dream experiences to which the aboriginal gives external reality is beautifully shown by a story in Hivale's a paper (September 1945, p. 147, line 6).² I don't know if investigators of folklore bear it in mind that when a savage tells a story he may be describing a dream, or may be mixing both. For instances, for a man to turn into an animal or into someone else is a commonplace in dreams. And though the principles of dream interpretation may certainly be applied to conscious phantasies yet there is a sharp difference between sleeping and waking and one would like to know when possible how the story started.

Your paper on cross-dressing³ set me thinking on a question that is fundamental for psychology and anthropology. As you rightly say girls want to dress in boys' clothes and *vice versa*. In some cultures this is forbidden utterly, in others allowed at certain seasons (e.g., our Christmas parties), in others allowed to certain individuals. For me this example raises the whole question of how society builds itself on the individual's desires. It may run against them (the killing of a human being in sacrifice or Sati, the infliction of pain in initiation ceremonies) but only for a short time, or for a small section of the community. It may sublimate or distort a child's impulses so that when he grows up he fits the communal mould, but ultimately though a culture

1 W. G. Archer, 'The Forcible Marriage', *Man in India*, Vol. XXV (1945), pp. 29-42.

2 Shamrao Hivale, 'Pardhan Ideas about Witchcraft', *Man in India*, Vol. XXV (1945) p. 147.

3 Verrer Elwin, 'Ceremonial Cross-Dressing', *Man in India*, Vol. XXII (1942), pp. 163-73.

is more than an aggregate of individual wills, we repeatedly have to step back from the study of the group to the examination of the individual's balance of satisfaction, and both balance sheets must balance. I'm conscious of my clumsiness in stating what is probably only too obvious, but I think I've hit on the right metaphor: there are two planes of description, social and individual, and two balance sheets of cause and effect. One can't do psychiatry or anthropology without being conscious of both sets of books, even if one is primarily occupied with one or the other.

This leads me to another matter to which I wanted to draw your attention. Looking after psychiatric cases during the war from several cultures I have found, like other psychiatrists, that there is cultural pattern of psychiatric break-down. An Indian villager will go hysterically deaf and dumb—a British soldier never. An Italian traditionally has neurotic pain in his abdomen, a British soldier in his head. Under the impact of adversity an Indian may lie down, refuse food, at first voluntarily perhaps, then hysterically (that is unconscious drives have taken the thing out of his control but it is still easily reversible) and finally psychotically. A British officer under similar adversity does not do this at all, but develops an anxiety state. Have I, by these examples, at least shown you what I am after? Can you tell us (forgive me if you already have) how a Baiga breaks down as compared with a Gond? You have touched on this, of course, in the suicide problem, but put more medically, does the aboriginal have hysterical pain, sensory loss paralysis? Does he develop an anxiety state? Does he go into a typical retarded apathetic melancholia? Does he have a culturally determined form of withdrawal? Does society provide him with a ready-made garment of madness, which he may put on if he needs it? The Malay running amok (of which I know little) seems to be an example of this.

With best wishes,

Yours,

ELLIOT EMANUEL

III

27-11-46

My dear Elwin,

As regards specific problems in the psychiatric field, I would suggest that the following points be enquired into any culture you deal with. (Forgive me if I jot down at random on a subject which is frequently in my thoughts).

(1) Weaning: early or late? mother's attitude (i. e. offering the breast to a late age, or brusquely rejecting the child and offering substitutes early), stories and folklore in this connection. Possible effects on adult character.

(2) Training in cleanliness (urine, faeces, general tidiness). Attitude of parents (i. e., severe or careless). Other points as in weaning.

(3) Parental coitus as observed by children. Observation frankly allowed?—prevented? A pretence maintained that it is not seen when it must be? (I suspect this is far the most common under Indian conditions). Children's remarks, dreams and fantasies in this connection. Is the coitus of animals important in the culture, in myth, ritual, fantasy, or folklore? Relation to adult development.

(4) Possible sexual traumata for children of a standard pattern in the culture. For example, mother lies on the child to keep it warm nearly till puberty in central Australia; and the father commonly handles the genitalia (see Roheim, *The Riddle of the Sphinx*, p. 162, referring to the Duan).

(5) The way in which the aggressive impulses are inhibited, redirected, or permitted at all stages of development individuals of both sexes.

(6) Dreams should be reported with the free associations that go with them.

(7) This is more general. It is my opinion that Freud's generalization may be based too narrowly on Western (specifically Viennese Jewish) culture and on his own personality structure (typically Oedipal). I suspect that, in other cultures and with other types of personality, other complexes, other typical emotional situations and other basic patterns of behaviour provide

the scaffolding of the character. For instance, in Western culture, hunger, and conflicts relating to the obtaining of food, do not seem to play a prominent part. I have an idea though that the antisocial psychopath from a Glasgow slum may have derived some of his impulsive aggressiveness from this source. And when a whole nation starves for two years, as the Germans did in 1919 and again this year, might we not have a generation specially susceptible to the myth of the Raubtie (the beast of prey)? and in a culture where even the children are sexually satisfied (I think for instance of your people in C. P. who know nothing of the hymen), but where the food supply is chancy and often scarce, might not be filling of the stomach be the prime expression of love and power, and conflicts about the sharing of food take the place of conflicts about the sharing of love objects?

In Indian anthropology I've lately been reading A. Krishna Ayyar's book on *The Cochin Tribes and Castes* (which I suppose was a fairly good piece of work in the pre-Elwin era) and Haimendorf's book on the Reddis as well as your *Folk-Tales of Mahakoshal*. This fascinating collection makes me again draw to your attention what I think I mentioned in my last letter, that these stories are surely often in part or whole dreams, or if dreams are to be regarded as closely similar and to be interpreted as such. They employ the same mechanisms of symbolism, condensation, displacement, and regression to infantile themes. They show, at times, the same sudden shift of time or place, the same absurdity and make the same impression that the meaning is below the surface. No doubt there is rather more secondary elaboration than in most dreams, more conscious ornamentation, rounding off of jagged ends, in short more artistry. But these stories give me the impression that they express emotional, repressed infantile, material at much nearer remove than our Western stories.

Yours sincerely,

ELLIOT EMANUEL

SEGREGATION OR ASSIMILATION ?

BY A. M. SOMASUNDARAM¹

THERE are nearly twenty-five million aboriginals in India. The problems of these primitive tribes, even as late as 1946, have, unfortunately, not received adequate attention by many of the provincial governments of the country, for two reasons; first, tribal administration has been treated according to the provisions of the 1935 Act, as a Central subject. Under the heading of Protection of Tribes, the Government has classified the aboriginal areas in two divisions; Excluded Areas, and Partially Excluded Areas, thus leaving very little jurisdiction and control in this matter to the provincial governments. Second, knowledge of the psychology, culture, sociology, and economy of these indigenous groups of humanity is considered as a hobby for the trained anthropologist or field worker who, but for rare exceptions, has not been associated with any administrative activity, with the result that these 'sons of the soil' have been utterly neglected.

Whereas in countries like Africa, Australia, Oceania, the Pacific Islands, Europe, and America the problems of the 'savages,' by presenting administrative difficulties, have obliged the several governments to pursue policies of special protection for cultural and material development, in India these vital problems affecting nearly one-sixteenth of the population of the country could not, owing to the handicaps mentioned above, be solved. The result has been wholesale extinction, disintegration, disorganization, and detribalization of many aboriginal tribes and castes

The prospect of a truly representative and democratic government in this country offers a much needed opportunity for putting forth the claims of these aboriginals that form the most primitive substratum of the land: with full justification they demand complete rehabilitation. Democracy, if its principles are applied, can alone benefit and allow full scope for the development of all sections of the population; until such time as this is done, it cannot be said that real democracy exists. It is one of the primary tasks of those in power to strive for the economic, social, and cultural

Mr. Somasundaram is joint secretary of the South Indian Aborigines' Welfare Association. His article originally appeared in *Rare and Recent Writings* (edited by M. Hardy).

renaissance of the aboriginal population, for it would be inhuman to leave them in their present pathetic life conditions.

Culture and civilization; these two run side by side and, if we accept Lord Raglan's definition of civilization as 'a state of affairs in which man achieves as great a mastery as possible over the forces of nature, and is enabled to develop his faculties to the fullest extent and use them freely for the benefit of himself and his fellows,' then we should all strive to achieve this highest form of civilization with the lofty precept of culture; this will be achieved only when we take up the problems of that section of humanity that suffers most. The maxim should be : Benefit your fellow-men, and yourself be benefited thereby.

The scientific solution of the problems of aborigines can, probably, only be achieved with the assistance of social and cultural anthropologists; for, sympathy and a spirit of service—the ingredients of any welfare work—emerge from the dissipation of fallacious ideas of cultural superiority, civilization, and race. A study of anthropology will not only enable us to think correctly about these prejudicial ideas, but provide us also with an ample background of knowledge as regards primitive psychology, sociology, and theology; any systematic attempt, therefore, to revive tribal society and revitalize primitive culture, should be preceded by a thorough understanding of their peculiarities of economic and social life, patterns of culture and religion, psychological attitudes, primitive ideas of responsibility and obligations, etc. In brief, primitive culture that includes everything necessary for the gay and happy existence of primitive society should be studied carefully and scientifically.

As a field worker whose knowledge is based on intimate contact with some aboriginal tribes of the Madras and Orissa provinces, I would like to outline the means necessary for the rehabilitation of these tribal groups, and also to suggest administrative methods for solving the variegated problems with which workers, in the past, have only 'tinkered'.

What is the principle on which aboriginal rehabilitation should be based ? Can it be achieved by a process of segregation, or should it be achieved by gradual stages of assimilation ? Scholars who advocate the theory of segregation, suggest that the primitive

tribes should not be interfered with, and that they should not be brought close to civilized environments. They argue further that these tribes should be left to themselves, residing in inaccessible jungle and hilly tracts, and that they should be allowed to enjoy their traditional patterns of life. This opinion seems quite sound theoretically but, in application, such a step results in the complete isolation of the tribes and the consequent stunted growth of their culture and mental mechanism. On the other hand, there are others who tell us that the development of these tribal people can be achieved by a process of assimilation into civilized society which, however, can only take place by gradual stages. Hence, the practical anthropologist is faced with two problems: (1) to provide these tribes with an environment in which the tribesmen can perceive chances of development, and to see that, by the process of acculturation and inter-tribalization, the 'savages' are enabled to assimilate the healthy features of advanced and better society in so far as these will lend impetus to their cultural, social, and economic development, and (2) he must carefully plan his scheme so that the primitive groups stand sufficiently far from the evil influences and the scum of advanced society through whom, today, gambling, cockfighting, vulgar songs, and relaxation of morals, etc., are introduced in the tribal villages.

Rehabilitation work among the aborigines should be conducted under the following heads: (1) Tribal Economy, (2) Tribal Culture, (3) Tribal Institutions, and (4) Tribal Education. To carry out the welfare work, two agencies are necessary: social welfare organizations and workers on the one hand, and the Government on the other. As for welfare organizations, the Adivasa Sangh is working in the provinces of Madras, Bombay, and Bihar besides associations like the Servants of India Society, the Harijan Seva Sangh that are also doing a good amount of work in the aboriginal tracts. Apart from these, the Bhil Seva Mandal, started by A. V. Thakkar, the Enadi Sangh, founded by V. Raghaviah, the Hill Tribes Association in the Agencies of Vizagapatam and East Godavari Districts, the Savara Association of Ganjam are all doing excellent work. It should be admitted, however, that most of these agencies for aboriginal welfare are started with political

motives, and much of their activity depends upon the general policy adopted by political organizations like the Congress. These associations should be non-political and should be independent units of work, if welfare is to be achieved systematically and scientifically.

Before we look into the general economic conditions of the aboriginal tribes, it is necessary for us to know the kinds of aboriginals with whom we are dealing. On the basis of culture contact—which these groups have developed with modern society—the aboriginals can be divided into three classes: (1) those that are unaffected by culture contact and that reside in the jungles and hilly parts of the land, (2) those that are affected by contacts with civilization and reside in the plains, and (3) the vagrant and nomadic section of the aboriginal substratum, most of which has been drawn towards the ranks of criminals. Dr. Verrier Elwin has divided the aboriginals into four classes: (1) The happy few who retain their social and economic patterns of life, unimpaired by culture contact; (2) Those who are less isolated than the first class; (3) The most unfortunate who form the bulk of the aboriginal population, numbering 20 millions, and (4) The very few privileged aboriginals like the Gond Rajas and other aristocratic members, who while retaining their traditions and culture have been able to assimilate the healthy traits of civilization. According to this celebrated field-worker, the solution of the tribal problem lies in our attempt to 'enable the tribesmen of the first and second classes to advance direct into the fourth class without having to suffer the despair and degradation of the third.'

Tribal economic problems are closely related to the effects of culture-contact. The harmful effects of unregulated culture-contact have made the aboriginals 'obsequious, timid and servile.' They are deprived of their economic sufficiency and social order, and their folklore, art etc have received serious setbacks. They leave with us only a story of degradation, disintegration and helplessness. They are the most economically exploited, socially degraded, and morally degenerated bulk of the rural population. Loss of land, starvation, a neck-deep and perpetual burden of debt, primitive methods of agriculture, slavery to the zamindar and landlord, exploitation by merciless and cunning money-lender and merchant, missionary propaganda for

large-scale conversions, processes of migration, insanitation, filth, disease, changeless diet, sickness, inferiority complexes, an incapacity to realize the gravity of a situation, loss of interest in life, illiteracy and ignorance, superstitions, maladaptation to existing environments, and such other disintegrating factors have ruined their fortunes, deprived them of their privileges, destroyed their energies, and perpetuated for them a place of serfdom. Hence, Mr W. V. Grigson, I.C.S. than whom no other English writer has better understood the aboriginal problems, writes: 'We have to restore and foster the aboriginal's self-respect by protecting him from loss of land, bond service, debt and oppression, to shield him from malaria, yaws, and other sickness, to teach him an agriculture and an economic organisation suited to his habitat and mentality, and to educate him not merely to retain and value his own tribal culture but also to take and hold his due place in the economic, political and cultural life of modern India.'

The Adivasi Seva Sanghas have done good work, though the members lack scientific knowledge and vision. The writer was also delighted to go through the Report of the All Andhra Hill Tribes Welfare Association. This report reveals to us that the aboriginals not only have realized their economic and social needs, but have developed among themselves a political conscience. The report also clearly puts forward to the Government the minimum demands of the Hillmen which include: (1) abolition of the Mustajari system, (2) freedom from forced free labour, 3) the institution of village panchayats, (4) the repeal of burdensome taxes, (5) the recognition of civil rights, (6) protection from official pressure, (7) the introduction of scientific methods of agriculture and the opening of experimental farms. (8) free and compulsory primary education, (9) construction of bridges, (10) facilities for transport, road and post, (11) writing off of debts, (12) the return of auctioned and alienated lands, and (13) a demand for three crores of rupees from the Provincial Government to help their progress and development. Anthropologists will certainly support these demands, as these will relieve the aboriginals of the complex problems and miseries that are constantly checking their growth. Assimilation, however, is a greater and higher aim than economic relief, and assimilation is an important problem of applied anthro-

pology. Assimilation, if it can take place on scientific lines, will bring into our midst a planned 'savage' society which is both a sign of and a necessity for a progressive civilization. Scientific assimilation will, further, lead to the development of personality, assertion of individuality, and the retention of culture.

Rehabilitation work should be preceded by a thorough and scientific investigation of the various aspects of primitive life. The field investigator should not act only as a paid worker recording the replies given to his questions ; he should gain, by actual contact, the confidence of the aborigines, and examine critically their psychology. He should, further, record every single detail of the routine life of primitives and, from this knowledge, find out their needs. He should also collect their folklore which serves as the best material for tracing the ancestry of any community and the historical part it may have played in the country's life.

In the past, no doubt, attempts by various people appointed by the Government have been made to record 'savage' customs and manners. Officials like Thurston, Iyer, Russell, Enthoven, Risley, Crooke, etc., have written volumes on the subject of aborigines, but none of them have been of value for studying culture-contact. Elwin (cf. *Agaria*) writes that their writings have become not only out of date, but that much of their information is inaccurate, as their tours were too official, and their subjectmatter was mostly based upon either hearsay or information supplied by the subordinate officials. Thus it is that ethnographic studies in our country are long overdue and, hence, there is every need for this work to be taken up almost immediately.

After economy, tribal education, institutions and culture should receive our immediate attention. Let us see something of the tribal education which is, so far, completely neglected by the Government. In this respect, missionary organizations have done much, though missionaries are too often moved by the spirit of religious proselytization. There are a few among them who have done their duty by these 'sons of the soil' in the spirit of philanthropy, piety, and service. Having sufficient equipment and funds, they were able to do something for the cause of education among the aborigines which had not been done by many of the

Indian associations for tribal welfare. The Servants of India Society in the Koraput and Ganjam Agencies of Orissa did open some schools, but the Advisory regime neglected the good work. In the province of Madras, Tribal Associations have very recently opened schools in some places. In the Telugu country, the Canadian Baptist Mission did good work among the Soras of the Vizagapatam District. It was thanks to the co-operation of this Mission that the veteran Telugu scholar, Rao Sahib G. V. Ramamurthy, found a script for the Savara dialect and prepared Savara manuals, while his son, Dr G. V. Sitapati, was able to render some portions of the Bible in the Savara language.

Education among the aboriginals is the most important aspect of tribal life. What sort of education the 'savages' should receive has been very ably advocated by Verrier Elwin, who set down three principles as the basis for tribal education. These principles are (1) 'to conserve and develop aboriginal culture, religion and tribal institutions, (2) to equip the aboriginal so that he will be able not only to defend himself against those elements of civilization that threaten to destroy or degrade him but also to take his place in this rapidly changing world and make his contribution to it, and (3) to improve his economic condition.' To achieve this type of education it is necessary to set up in each province a committee consisting of professors of languages and phonetics, and lexicographers, and to prepare a scheme of education in conformity with the needs and attitudes of the tribes in a unit and corresponding to three above-mentioned principles. The boys should be taught their own dialects, for which purpose the dialects should be brought to the status of a language. Orthographic committees, such as have been found in Africa and the Soviet Republics, should be employed to do this work.

Professor C. von Furer-Haimendorf of the Osmania University in a recent conversation with the writer suggested that script from any regional language might be adopted. As the Adviser on the Aboriginal Tribes Welfare the Government of Hyderabad, he has prepared some readers for the Gondi boys where Hindi was made the script for the Gondi dialect. Thus, the lessons were prepared in the Gondi language but with the Hindi script. Of course, the professor's adaptation of Hindi is commendable, but

it should not be made universal, since there are many tribes like the Chenchus, the Enadi, who speak only Telugu. The writer feels, therefore, that unless important tribal dialects are changed to the status of languages, the benefits of education cannot fully be realized by the tribal members.

Tribal institutions of discipline and behaviour such as the panchayat and the 'dormitory,' should be fully revived. These are the self-governing institutions of the primitive tribes. Owing to the onslaught of civilization, their institutions have been brought, to-day, to the verge of nominal existence; consequently, the rigid discipline that was formerly enforced upon tribal members by the panchayat has been greatly relaxed and has fostered a spirit among tribal members of selfishness and individualization with the extinction of many a thing of value in tribal life. Similarly, 'domitory'—an institution found in tribes like the Mundas, Nagas, Gadabas, Badagas, Murias, etc.—with its peculiar methods of training the unmarried youth of both sexes, has to face serious intrusion in the shape of the introduction of ill-equipped systems of primary education with a teaching staff possessed of a superiority complex. These institutions should be fully revived lest an ancient culture and civilization fade away from the annals of India.

Tribal culture which includes tribal art, folklore, dances, games, decorations, formalities, etc. because of the expansion of unregulated culture-contact, is in the process of decay. The waves of migration that are the result of social stigma and economic backwardness, have led to the maladaptation of primitive life to new environment. The fight between capital and labour, even in the case of primitive tribes, is to some extent brought about by the lack of understanding of and sympathy for 'savage' customs and culture. Primitive tribes of India today, elsewhere in the world, are undergoing a period of transition in various aspects of their life. Sometimes these groups are unable to withstand the formidable force of culture-contacts and, consequently, large-scale destruction of primitive economy and social fabric takes place, gradually leading to the extinction of these tribes. It is necessary, therefore, for anthropologists who are associated with the welfare work among these primitive tribes, to carefully and critically

diagnose the cases that have brought undesirable developments among them.

Beside the hill and forest tribes, the vagrant section of aboriginal substratum that has been called 'criminal', should receive adequate protection by the administrators and a sympathetic public. These vagrants have no fixed homes; they are economically backward; they do not find any means of honest livelihood. Dr Sampurnanand writes that they are composed of two factors: the anti-social attitude of the higher caste Hindus, and the unsympathetic administration of the police department. These two factors have developed among them an inferiority complex, and made them desperate, timid, and cruel parasites on society, adopting criminal means to make their living. Means should, therefore, be explored for bringing about a psychological transformation by providing them with equal opportunities to make an honest living.

The aboriginal villages are the worst centres of filth, insanitation, and disease. The 'savages' because of their undeveloped patterns of society are more prone to superstition and to rely greatly on animistic beliefs and rites than to listen to reason and innovation. The evil practices resulting from superstition are also responsible for the social degradation of these primitives. Proper attempts should be made to eradicate these evil habits and practices.

Rehabilitation work among 'savage societies' should be started forthwith by the Government and welfare associations. In every district, welfare associations with a membership consisting entirely of aboriginals should be opened by the Government, on an elective basis. These associations should propagate among the aboriginals things of value and strive for the retention of tribal traditions and culture but eradicate, at the same time, the evils of the tribes. These organizations should work as self-improving societies. Institutes after the fashion of those in the Soviet Republic should be formed in each particular region to look after the interests of the aboriginal tribes.

Our Universities should join together to open a research institute for training young field workers in the physical and cultural branches of anthropology. For instance, we can follow the example

of the International Institute of African Languages and Culture that consists of eminent scientists like B. Malinowski, Richards, and others, being represented by several universities in Africa. They have trained young students for research not only in Africa, but they have sent many of them to the Pacific Islands and New Guinea, to conduct research work there.

The problem of primitives and criminals should thus receive administrative attention and protection. In every province a separate Department for the welfare of the aboriginal substratum should be inaugurated. There is already a Backward Class Welfare Department working in Bombay. The Central Provinces, Orissa, and Bihar Governments are contemplating opening separate Departments for the protection of aboriginal tribes, while the Nizam's Government, too, is planning the appointment of Social Service Officers for this purpose. The Madras Government, it is learnt, is also considering doing something for these unfortunate members of humanity, and it is really heartening to find that the President of the Andhra Provincial Congress Committee has already approached the Premier on this subject. Apart from this, the South Indian Aborigines' Welfare Association, which was started recently, has already sent a scheme for aboriginal uplift, and it is earnestly hoped that these schemes and proposals will be speedily accepted and implemented. It is earnestly hoped, too, that the value and usefulness of anthropology in practical problems of uplift and administration will be fully recognized all over the country.

NOTES AND QUERIES

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA

The following note was issued to the press by the Government of India on 23 February 1947.

A scheme for the development of the Anthropological Survey of India was approved by the Standing Finance Committee, which met in New Delhi, recently, under the chairmanship of Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, the Finance Member.

The five-year scheme for the development of the Anthropological Survey of India was prepared at the request of the Government of India by Dr B. S. Guha, now Director of the Anthropological Survey of India, and Col R. B. Seymour Sewell, of Cambridge University and lately Director of the Zoological Survey of India. It was accepted in principle, by the Government of India last year.

The scheme includes the establishment of a bureau of anthropology. The greatest importance of the lines of work to be adopted by the bureau lies in the effect that the study of anthropology and the dissemination of knowledge of the various races and tribes that form the population of India can have on the unifying and gradual welding of the variegated and diverse components into a unified whole. Such an effect, it is pointed out, has already been fully exemplified by the result achieved in the U. S. S. R. where a conglomeration of tribes and races of diverse languages, origin and custom has been welded together into a single unified nation.

The impending changes in the social and administrative services in India will, it is also considered, require expert guidance from a properly developed Anthropological Survey Department of India.

The Government of India have already set up a nucleus of the Anthropological Survey of India and an expenditure of Rs. 137,730 was provided to meet expenditure during 1946-47. During 1947-48, the second year of the plan, the expenditure is estimated to be Rs. 3,62,000. During the years 1948-49 to 1950-51, an expenditure of about Rs. ten lakhs is estimated. It is proposed to shift the Anthropological Survey of India, which is now situated in Benares, to the Indian Museum at Calcutta, where it has been possible to obtain some additional accommodation for it.

HEADHUNTING AMONG THE MISHMIS OF THE LOHIT VALLEY, ASSAM

Though it is known that the hands of enemies are occasionally taken as trophies by the tribes inhabiting the region bounded by the frontier of Tibet to the North and the plains of Assam to the south, no evidence has, as far as I am aware, ever been recorded of headhunting in this area. It was therefore with considerable surprise during a tour in February and March, 1946, up the Lohit Valley to the Tibetan frontier that I found that the practice had only recently died out among the Mishmis inhabiting the slopes on either side of the river. Memories of headhunting are still fresh, and the details recorded in this note were obtained from Choyo Cheba, the Head Mishmi interpreter, and an authority on tribal customs. Apart from a few clans who claim to autochthonous the Mishmis of the Lohit Valley unanimously claim a Kachin origin and say they reached their present home either direct from Burma across the head of the Assam Valley plain or *via* the Dibang Valley to the West of the Lohit Valley. I have no information as to whether the Idu Mishmis, who now inhabit the Dibang Valley, have ever indulged in headhunting.

The Mishmi social unit in the Lohit Valley is the household rather than the village. The houses are large that of a rich man often containing a dozen or more hearths. 'Villages' consisting of a single large house are uncommon and settlements of more than six houses are exceptional. The several households forming a village often belong to two or three different clans. Even where several households live in close proximity to one another the fact that they do so does not in itself lead to any mutual cohesion. On the other hand the tie between households of the same clan, even when living in villages a considerable distance apart, is a close one, and a result of this close clan tie and loose village tie is that war was never between village and village, but always between clan and clan.

Disputes between members of different clans over marriage prices, trade transactions and so forth are frequent, and till we exerted our control claims tended to be enforced by raids. A Mishmi with a claim against a man of another clan would raid his house or that of one of his relations and seize one or two persons

to be held as hostages till the debt was paid. These raids were regarded as quite normal and aroused no particularly animosity provided they did not involve bloodshed. But if anyone was killed during the raid or a hostage, say of clan A, died while held captive by clan B a *causes billi* was considered to have arisen. Clan A would then attempt to kill a member of clan B. Only one person could be killed in revenge for one death and that person had to be a male. His head was not taken and no ceremonies were performed in connection with the death. This killing was considered to have equalized the scores and if there was to be any further, fighting the initiative had to come from clan B.

If clan B pursued the matter and killed a man of clan A it was proper to take his head and hands and perform the prescribed ceremonies. The head was carried home by the first man to wound the dead man, and the hands by the second. The trophies were taken to the house of the former and laid on the floor of the guest room, a room—at one end of the long house—near the wall on which heads of game re-hung. All women were excluded from the room while the ceremonies were in progress. After laying the trophies on the floor the raiders washed their hands and weapons. A priest then laid plantain leaves on the trophies and over them a war shield and stamped on them eight times, amid loud shouts from the spectators. A hole was then dug at the intersection of two paths outside the village and the hands laid in its palms down with the head over them face down. A flat stone was laid over the trophies and the earth filled in and stamped down. This concluded ceremonies, save that all concerned in them had to refrain from work for five days. The taking of a head did not entitle the killer to wear any special dress or ornaments. Members of the avenging clan would take pains to tread on the filled in earth, but members of the dead man's clan would avoid doing so, even after peace had been restored.

Having lost a head clan A was entitled to take one from clan B, and so on. For the first few exchanges only single, heads, and those only of men, were taken, but as tempers rose killing became indiscriminate and women and children would be killed wherever found. Peace was finally made by the intervention of members of neutral clans, and was sealed by a large payment of mithan (*bo*

ed *ntalis*), not by the defeated clan, but by the clan which had killed the greater number of persons.

J. P. MILLS

THE NAGA HILLS

An important statement on the future of the Naga Hills has been made by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in a letter to Mr. T. Sakirio, Secretary of the Naga Hills' National Council. 'It is obvious that the Naga territory in Eastern Assam is much too small to stand by itself politically or economically. It lies between two huge countries. India and China, and part of it consists of rather backward people who require considerable help. When India is independent, as it is bound to be soon, it will not be possible for the British Government to hold on the Naga territory or any part of it. They would be isolated there between India and China. Inevitably, therefore, this Naga territory must form part of India and of Assam with which it has developed such close associations.

'At the same time it is our policy that Tribal areas should have as much freedom and autonomy as possible so that they can live their own lives according to their own customs and desires. Thus the solution would be that the Naga territory should be an integral part of Assam province and yet should have a certain measure of autonomy for its own purposes.

'How this should be worked out is a matter for further consideration between the peoples concerned. So far as I can see there is no reason why there should be any excluded area apart from the rest. The whole Naga territory should go together and should be controlled in a large measure by an elected Naga National Council. At the same time the Nagas should have representation in the Assam Provincial Assembly and should participate fully in the life of the province.

'I am glad that the Naga National Council stands for the solidarity of all the Naga tribes including those who live in the so-called unadministered territory. I agree entirely with your decision that the Naga Hills should constitutionally be included in an autonomous Assam in a free India with local autonomy and due safeguards for the interests of the Nagas.

As for separate electorates for the Nagas I am not clear in my mind as to how this will work. Generally speaking we are against separate electorates as these limit and injure a small group by keeping it separated from the rest of the nation. But if the Naga territory is given a measure of autonomy some arrangement has to be made for their proper representation.

As you know the Congress is opposed to any forcible grouping of Assam with Bengal. We are of the opinion that this is a matter for each province to decide. Assam has already expressed its opinion on the subject. What the future will be I cannot say, but I cannot conceive of Assam being compelled against its will to form a group with Bengal.

An Advisory Committee will be elected by the Constituent Assembly. It should have representatives of the Tribal areas and I hope the Tribal territories of Assam will be directly represented on it. The findings and decisions of the Advisory Committee will probably not be finally binding upon the Constituent Assembly but they are bound to carry great weight. I imagine the findings will be accepted almost in their entirety unless they go against some direct provision in the Constitution.

As I have said above the excluded Areas should be incorporated with other areas. It may be that certain special provisions for their protection and development will be made. I should like them to be treated as part of the entire Naga territory.

I see no reason whatever why an extraneous judicial system should be enforced upon the Naga Hills. They should have perfect freedom to continue their village panchayats, tribal courts, etc. according to their own wishes. Indeed it is our wish that the judicial system of India should be revised, giving a great deal of power to village panchayats.

About the unadministered territory which still contains, according to you, a number of head-hunters, I cannot definitely say how soon and in what manner it should be brought into the province. That is to be decided in consultation with the people concerned. Naturally some special provision will have to be made to develop these people.

The question of common language must also be finally decided.

ed by the Nagas themselves. The only two possible languages which would be helpful to them are Assamese or Hindustani. Most of them know some Assamese already. I think it would be desirable to encourage Hindustani as this will bring them in touch with the various changes and developments taking place in India.

‘Assam is still largely undeveloped and there is plenty of room for agricultural, horticultural and industrial development. This development should be so organized as to benefit the people of the soil. Certainly the people of the Naga Hills should not be exploited by others, and their right to own and work on the soil should remain with them. We would be entirely against the development of large estate owned by outsiders there. What form land ownership should take, whether it should be communal co-operative or a kind of peasant proprietorship, should be determined in consultation with the people concerned.

I might add that I am specially interested in these Tribal areas not only in the north-east of India but in the north-west as well as the centre. They present different problems. I hope that in an independent India there will be a special department, both in the Centre and in the provinces concerned, for the protection and advancement of Tribal areas. I do not want them to be swamped by people from other parts of the country who might go there to exploit them to their own advantage.”

A TRIBAL POLICY FOR INDIA'S NORTH-WEST FRONTIER ?

The following excerpt from *The Statesman* of 6 January 1947 surveys some of the problems which confront the tribal areas of the North-West Frontier.

The contention that political organization of the tribes must be the first concern of reformers—because law and order must precede any economic or social uplift measures—has received increasing recognition. Its latest exponent is Lt-Col G. L. Mallam of the Reconstruction Department, N.W.F.P. Government. He was the driving force behind the province's recently published Five Year Plan, and after many years spent in working for and among the tribes, is convinced that there has been a steady deterioration in their internal affairs.

He adds in an article published recently in the United Services Journal.

'In recent years, as contact with Government officials has increased, the tribal system of government has been subjected to a great strain. Government objectives have not always coincided with the interests of the tribes, and Government officials with an imperfect knowledge of the tribal system have often unconsciously inflicted great harm on it. For some years now the tribal system has become so weakened that the law-abiding element is powerless to restrain the young hotheads and may even as is often the case in Waziristan be subjected to terrorization by powerfully armed gangs.

'Pathan society today is nearer anarchy than social progress, nearer lawlessness than ordered government, nearer political darkness and depression than enlightenment. We look in vain for established tribunals, or a well-defined and recognized procedure for the settlement of tribal disputes and for a proper record of judicial decisions. We see on every side the despair that leads a man to resort to direct action to redress wrongs and to invest all their savings in weapons of war.

'We see a wastage of natural resources, a depressed economy and a diversion of youth from profitable pursuits to gangsterism. And over all, like a menacing cloud, hangs a sullen suspicion of the foreigner who seeks to introduce civilization by the construction of roads and fortified posts and by the ofrepeated cry of 'law and order' ... We are faced with a breakdown of the tribal system, a fact that constitutes a serious threat to the safety of India on the threshold of a new age.'

But the picture is not all darkness. Lt-Col Mallam lets in a ray of light when he declares : 'It cannot be said that even now the Pathan tribes possess no social or political order of any kind.' He refers to their devotion to Islam, their tribal consciousness 'still vigorously alive in the so-called Pathan 'code of honour' and in the universal preference for tribal customary law (so far as it can be defined and enforced) as against the legal codes and practices of India.' Finally he points to the Pathans' love of freedom—'which to a Pathan means tribal autonomy and a fierce hatred of all outside interference, which burns like a flame in the breast of every tribesman.'

To Lt-Col Mallam the way to remedy these conditions is clear. 'What the tribesmen need above everything else is ordered government as a foundation on which to build the peace and prosperity of the whole community. There is no reason, he says, 'why the tribes should not be brought to realize this fundamental need of all human beings living in communities.'

Law is the basis of ordered society, and Lt-Col Mallam does not doubt that 'if we study the Pathan tribal system carefully, we shall find it already contains very precise provisions for the government of the tribe, and that under the stresses and strains of recent years these provisions have become corrupted or have fallen into disuse --- We can reasonably assume that if we approach the tribes in a spirit of goodwill on this subject of government we shall get an encouraging response, and that our problem will resolve itself into the comparatively simple one of discovering the form of government best suited to the Pathan genius and best calculated to bring the tribes into line with conditions prevailing in India.'

There are two alternatives here, he says : first, absorption into the NWF Province and, secondly, self-government in accordance with the indigenous tribal system, modified where necessary to suit modern conditions. He does not doubt the tribes would choose—and it would be well to grant them—the second. Therefore, he says, the first step in the solution of the tribal problem must be a reconstruction of the tribal system.

How is this to be unravelled from the abuse and corruption which now surrounds it ? Secondly, assuming that it is possible to identify and reduce to writing the indigenous tribal system, will it satisfy modern standards of equity and good conscience sufficiently to justify its public and official support by the Government of India ? Thirdly, would there be one Tribal State or a number of such States and how would their relations with the Government of India, the Afghan Government and the Government of the NWFP be regulated ?

In answer to the first two questions, Lt-Col Mallam, drawing on personal experience in Malakand, says :

'Approached in a spirit of goodwill the tribes can respond enthusiastically to a lead in the direction of ordered self-government :

secondly, it is possible for some one without expert knowledge to uncover and bring to life again a part of the indigenous tribal system and thirdly, the legal system revealed in the case of the Yusafzai still has the sanction of the tribe, conveys a high standard of justice, and is closely allied to the Muslim law of Shariat.

“But let us not be satisfied with anything less than a scientific, expert investigation into all aspects of this important matter” he says and suggests that the tribal system be studied without delay by a commission of experts including an eminent British scientist with experience of tribal (particularly Islamic) constitutions in other parts of the world. Lt-Col Mallam’s ‘final objective’ for the trans-border areas ‘is the willing acceptance by the tribes east of the Dunand Line of a permanent and honourable place in the social, political and economic life of India’.

This he maintains’ will not be achieved without positive action, ‘The old principle of non-interference in tribal domestic affairs is no longer in keeping with modern times, if it leaves the Pathan tribes isolated in a no man’s land doomed to permanent outlawry for no other offence than that they cling tenaciously to their ancient tribal traditions. The more recent idea that external pressure on the tribal system, if applied, if applied strongly and consistently enough, and if combined with some vague ‘civilizing process would eventually wear down the tribal spirit and reduce the Pathan to the level of an ordinary Indian villager, must now be abandoned if only because it would take too long.’

On the economic side he sees the tribal areas ‘merged for planning and development purposes within the NWF Province as a single economic unit’—an idea he has incorporated in the Five Year Plan. In conclusion, he feels that the sympathetic interest of the Afghhan Government, ‘eminently desirable for the entire scheme, would be readily given.

The most notable feature of this approach is that it points out no short cuts to success but emphasizes rather a process of slow conversion. While it is in progress, the present system could continue, but with this difference. that it must be more enlightened. The interim would be a good time, for instance, to experiment with withdrawing the Army and handing over its duties to the militia and khassadars (tribal levies), as has just been done in the Khyber

Pass and has long been in the Kurram Valley. As the country became more penetrable, so the problem of setting tribesmen outside it could be more carefully weighted than hitherto, plans could be made for irrigation and afforestation, and a comprehensive survey for minerals and oil carried out.

The difficulties in the way will not be inconsiderable until the hard crust of tribal suspicion is broken through. The British have never succeeded in persuading the tribesmen that we have no desire to take their country from them. But neither will their suspicions be dispelled by glib talk of 'love and brotherhood.'

On the contrary there must be readiness to 'get tough' if necessary, 'tough' but intelligently, of course. About this it would be unwise to harbour illusions. The tribal areas are not India but part of Central Asia, and its inhabitants have the arms and the ability, if not to invade India, then certainly, as one high official put it, 'to make life in the settled districts hell'. From the very evils of the present system, however, good may be won. Tribal economic dependance on India gives this country a lever which can be intelligently used; tribal disunity means less chance of concerted resistance to the new civilizing process.

But unity is a question which touches India herself today. The present painful transition period is being very closely and calculatingly watched from the mountains in the North-West, and any crumbling of the State structure would be taken swift and terrible advantage of by men who have proved themselves only too capable of doing so. With the tribesmen, India's rulers-to-be start with this disadvantage: they are not heirs by conquest of their new inheritance, and Pathan vanity is such as to interpret the 'love and brotherhood' of the new heirs as weakness and fear. Brotherhood will, moreover be conceded far more readily if there is a real Hindu-Muslim settlement in Delhi.

The Frontier problem, therefore, is a greater challenge to India than it ever was before. It must be approached in a spirit of humanity and enthusiasm fitted to the greatest of enterprises. It is instructive to conclude with one more quotation from Lt-Col Mallam :

A new Frontier policy, he says, will 'call for a combined

British-Indian administrative effort of a high order: but with it would go a strong moral and intellectual appeal which would not be without effect on the officials entrusted with the task. From private conversations I have had with Congress and Muslim League Ministers of the NWFP, I believe that such an effort would be equally welcome to both the major political parties in India...

'From the Englishman's point of view, what could be more fitting than that the British connexion with his historic frontier should reach fulfilment in the accomplishment of a task that would command the respect of the world, give added security to India, and cement for ever the old and very genuine friendship between the Englishman and the Pathan.'

ANTHROPOLOGISTS

The following extract from a review of Mrs. Paul Robeson's *African Journey* (London, 1946) in *John O' London's Weekly* will be of interest to anthropologists. 'THE most interesting section of her book covers her journey by motor-car through the more 'primitive' parts of Africa, where she was able to visit Negroes as yet almost untouched by the white man's ideas of civilization.

'As a member of their race, she was able to make much closer contact with them than a visiting White could hope to do. At one village in Uganda, she asked her hosts what they thought of visiting anthropologists, and how they liked being investigated.

'They smiled and said they were vastly amused, and would often take the searching and impertinent questions as a game, giving the most teasing, joking and fantastic answers they could think of so that the interpreter would have a most difficult time trying to translate the answers into something that would sound serious and respectful.

'They said: 'White people... only want to take away our land and our cattle, and make us pay taxes. Why should we tell them our sacred history, and the details of our social organization?'

INDIAN ANTHROPOLOGY

In a review of K. J. Save's *The Warlis*, Dr D. G. Mandelbaum writes:

'We may hope that in the future Mr Save and other Indian ethnologists endowed with similar opportunities and talents will

give us more than the bare outline of a culture. Indian anthropologists in general greatly need the stimulus and interest generated by contact with others in the discipline. Not only have they been solated from anthropological work in other countries, they are too often isolated from each other. The stream of students and establised scholars which is now beginning to flow from India to America should include many more anthropologists than have appeared so far.'

— *American Anthropologist*,
Vol. XLVIII (N S.), p. 640.

PROVERBS OF THE RANIPARAJ

It was one of Shakespeare's characters who said, 'Brevity is the soul of wit.' This is completely true as far as proverbs are concerned. The proverbs are short sentences, which mean more than what they express. Though brief, they contain sparks of intelligence and are found current among all the peoples of the world.

The forest tribes of south Gujarat, in the Bombay Presidency, who are known as Raniparaj, have a number of such proverbs. And if a culture is to be judged by the proverbs, I am confident that the Raniparaj can never be classed as 'Backward'.

The life of the Raniparaj is one of hardship and labour. Naturally the importance of labour is stressed in a large number of proverbs. Some of these are

'Labour removes famine; famine is meant for idle persons only.'

'One can live by working. If one does not work, death will be the result'.

'Eat what you earn by labour and not by idleness'

'All this labour is necessary for the sake of the belly'

But labour also needs intelligence and hence, 'If one has intelligence, one can enough.' But the intelligence must be coupled with earnestness, because, 'None is known, but one's work. None can witness a fair, except by carrying self there.' Another version is, 'To see heaven one must die; to get a heap of corn one must work hand.'

A man is responsible for his deeds and he must not shirk the responsibility. This is illustrated by three proverbs: 'One who does, must suffer.' 'Let there be death or safety: if one does, one should face it'. 'One must do and must suffer for it.'

In spite of hardships and labour, the Raniparaj is not a rich man. His joys are short-lived as 'the life of the agriculturist is like the phases of the moon'. If he has one thing, he lacks another. If he has salt, he has no flower and if he has flower, he is without salt'. He can enjoy a little, till his stores allow him. So, the proverb 'The corn can flow, till it is on the threshing floor and can be eaten till it is in the store'. But thenceforward he has to seek a sowcar, though he knows 'The debt of money-lender is like a stone round the neck.'

A landlord is a man of importance in the villages. He has a number of serfs working for him, so 'His boast is on the strength of man power', otherwise his state will be like the tenants, because 'one man cannot run a whole house'. Yet his presence is essential, if he likes to see a luxuriant crop, and a proverb runs 'The absence of the landlord means ruin; his presence means hope.'

The Raniparaj is immoderately fond of drink. He makes every occasion an excuse for drinking. A drunkard is described: 'Drink and shout that I am king, but afterwards the pocket is without a farthing.' Hence he is advised to be moderate in the words; 'We should drink liquor. The liquor should not drink us, otherwise we are unfit to be men.'

The drink necessarily brings quarrels and brawls as consequences. During such brawls, one is likely to hear the following proverbs uttered by the quarreling parties.

'You have aroused a sleeping tiger.'

'A snake bites when its tail is pressed.'

'A chamellon's run extends to the hedge and an angry man's to the cattleshed.'

'Let anything happen.'

'I will put on my headgear, when I will regain my honour.'

'Related to a police officer and no grinding-wheel in the hut' (this means a braggart).

A conciliator, during these brawls, may say 'A dog must not

be let loose against a dog.' 'I am advising you and you are pouncing on me., 'Hasty conclusions. result nil.' 'The wise speak once. fools throughout the night',

'He stays for two days and questions' 'Why is the village small?' 'The driver beats the middle bull' which means a conciliator himself.

Agriculture is the main occupation of the Raniparaj, and they anxiously await rainfall at the time of Citra constellation in the month of September, for 'Rainfall at Citra brings overflow of grain.'

Generally the proverbs have something ethical to say and a number are uttered spontaneously by the Raniparaj. A few of these are cited here :

'As the company, so are the pleasures' *i.e.* a man is known by the company he keeps.

'If the mind burns, the mind knows it; others can know only if there is smoke,' *i. e.* None can know another's mind.

'The king earns the kingdom and the world lives with leisure'
This means that one man toils and others enjoy.

'Do not paint always a picture of death.' It means do not despair.

'If it moves' it is a cart, if not it is a dead thing.'

'Give a house to a friend but do not omit a farthing from account.' *i. e.* Be particular in business.

'One who teaches is father, one who puts off is enemy.'

'One who lives for eighty years is a man, one who lives for hundred years is a fool.' As too much advanced age brings untold sufferings.

'One should sleep away from fire, especially where five logs are burning' *i.e.* keep away from public scandal.

'One should tell what is seen and not what is heard.'

'Mountains appear lovely from a distance, but ugly when near' That means, Familiarity breeds contempt.

'Saw the God, kept the promise from today I follow teaching' i. e. I have understood the law by warning and punishment.

'Reserve is useful in time of need.'

Like Wordsworth, a Raniparaj proverb declares that 'The child is father of the man', for they believe in the rebirth of a man as his own grandson.' Such is this 'Aboriginal tribes, unlike intruders,' *Ami asala jata tumi ada jata.*

D. P. KHANAPURKAR

EUTHANASIA

Nevelle, in his report on Dibang Valley survey, Sadiya Frontier tract, Assam mentions the Idu practice of putting to death the aged or helpless. I made enquiries to ascertain if this practice were still in existence. No child has been put to death for a very long time but earlier this year (1946), at his own request. Pwiti, father of Ganne Mepen of Engalin, was buried alive. Pwiti was a rich man, he had a considerable family which respected him, and a number of slaves. He was, however, very old indeed and had been ill and helpless for three years. Pwiti decided that life was no longer worth living and instructed Ganne and his family to arrange the large feast, which should ordinarily have been given after his death, to be given while he was still alive to see it. His relations protested that they were willing to look after him, but Pwiti was obdurate, and the feast was arranged and given. On its conclusion Pwiti walked through the narrow entrance of a small stone house which had been built above the surface of the ground. The interstices between the stones had been carefully sealed with mud. The entrance to this burial chamber was then blocked up, and Pwiti was suffocated. In the chamber food and drink and everything he could require had been placed but it is accepted that he died quickly.

The suggestion that it would be kinder to shoot or kill with a knife in such cases was not approved by my informants, who seemed to feel that such action would be akin to murder.

It is of interest that Pwiti was a very well-known and respected person. His son is widely travelled in these hills and is also well respected.

B. H. ROUTLEDGE

THE WARPATH

Regarding the signs to be placed across a path to indicate peace or war among the Idu of the Dibang Valley, my questionings produced the following:—

A claimant forwards a piece of knotted cane to his debtor, the number of knots indicating the number of days given to settle the debt. Or, if the debt is admitted and the debtor is willing to settle, he sends back another knotted string indicating in how many days he will clear himself.

It is a common practice for the Idu to hire the services of an assassin in order to pursue a quarrel. This enables one to dispose of an opponent who might be on guard against a known enemy, but can be taken unknown by a third party.

If such an assignment is accepted the instrument of vengeance sends to his employer a knotted string to indicate the period within which he will execute his contract and a lock of hair. The allotted time having expired both parties to the contract set out to meet each other, and, if the contract has been carried out successfully by the intermediary, he presents his principal with a lock of hair and a little blood (a scalp-lock, in fact) from the head of the deceased. He then expects, and usually gets, payment.

Following such a killing, it is the custom to bury a scalp lock of the deceased at the entrance to the village of the killer. This is buried underneath a stone, placed on the ground over which is placed another stone which is laid upon three or four stones placed vertically for its support. The usual fee for such a killing is two mithan or two hundred rupees. If the hired assassin is killed, by some misfortune, by his intended victim, his employer is liable and has to pay compensation to the bereaved family.

B. H. ROUTLEDGE

DEATH BY TIGER

When a Bondo is killed by a tiger, his relations are regarded as *angto* (in a state of taboo) and no one will eat or smoke with them. Until the proper ceremonies are performed it is believed that the *sairem* (ghost) wanders about in the form of a dog (the Gadaba,

for some reason, say in the form of a black cat) ; it visits the house 'looks here and there and goes away.'

When the news of the tragedy reaches the village all available men go out to drive away the tiger and find any portion of the corpse that may remain. They cremate whatever they find on the spot. After this, as soon as possible, the leading survivor of the deceased's household collects as much rice as he can—there should be at least forty *seer*—and invites the men who took part in the search and cremation to a feast. This is held by a stream outside the village. The food is cooked in new earthenware pots and a cow should be killed. The Dissari, who should be abstinent and fasting, gives some kind of magic drink to the cooks to save them from danger. The others go beating their drums to any prominent rock in the vicinity of the tragedy. The Dissari, completely covered with a cloth and protected by a band of men, with their axes raised in case the tiger suddenly appears, drives a long iron nail into a crack in the stone; he must do this with great care for it is believed that the tiger will come and do its best to extract the nail and if it did every man present would be killed.

Then the Dissari makes a small image of the dead man with rice-flour and sprinkles red and black earth upon it. Everybody beats the drums and shouts very loudly to frighten the tiger away.

The party goes down to the stream where the food is being cooked. It should be a place where there are many stones rather than lot of water. The men assemble and all sit down together, no one should be first and no one should delay; they must act together. As they eat, they must be careful that not a scrap falls to the ground. Every handful must go straight into the mouth and be entirely swallowed. When the meal is finished somebody blows a hunting-horn and they all jump up as one man. They must not touch or pick up their leaf-platters. No one should say, 'I didn't enough to eat' or 'I ate too much ; it is better not to refer to the proceedings at all. They wash their hands in the stream and all go home together, without looking round, drumming and blowing their horns.

These rules are presumably to leave no kind of clue that might lead the tiger to the men that had so grievously limited its

power, and to prevent any individual from standing out from the others and so attract the tiger's attention.

SHAMRAO HIVALE

REHABILITATION OF BACKWARD PEOPLES

HYDERABAD (Dn.), February 27 : 'In many countries with backward populations, such as Australia, Oceania and Africa, social anthropologists have for a long been associated with the administration, but in India Hyderabad is the first among the Provinces and States to apply scientific principles to social planning and to create a direct link between academic sociological research and the administrative services of the State', declared Baron C. von Furer-Haimendorf, Professor of Anthropology in the Osmania University, regarding the Social Service Cadre established by the Nizam's Government for carrying out a scheme of social rehabilitation among the backward sections of the population.

The newly constituted Social Service Cadre, consisting of gazetted and non-gazetted posts and functioning as a separate branch of the Revenue Department, will concentrate exclusively on rural areas. The activities of the Social Service will, however, not be confined to areas with tribal populations, added Dr von Furer-Haimendorf. The lessons and the experience gained in the education and economic rehabilitation of aboriginals, he said, are to be applied to other backward populations without distinction of community or creed. Depressed classes, backward rural Muslims, Banjaras and other groups with special problems of cultural and economic adjustment, are all to come within the purview of this unique Social Service, he added.

Describing the functions of the Social Service Officers. Dr von Furer-Haimendorf said that their primary function will be to act as a liaison between the backward rural populations and Government. In short, the principal aim of the new Social Service, he stated, was to dispel from the minds of the illiterate backward classes ignorance of his rights under the law, which often prevented them from profiting from the provisions of progressive legislation and left the door open to oppression and economic exploitation.

WELFARE WORK FOR BHILS

DHULIA, March 7 : The Governor of Bombay concluded his tour of west Khandesh with a visit to the areas of the district inhabited by Bhils, a backward class people. He motored 65 miles through dusty roads from Dhulia to the Bhil village of Chinchpada, last evening, to meet the village people and also to see the various activities launched by the Government for the welfare of the Bhil community there.

His Excellency, who was welcomed by Bhil leaders as 'our benefactor and protector,' said that as the Governor of the province he had always taken a keen interest in the welfare of Bhils. 'I can assure you that the Government of the day' added the Governor 'is as much interested in improving your lot. Therefore, do not fear that your interests will be neglected in any way.'

The welfare activities at Chinchpada are part of the larger scheme for the special and economic amelioration of Bhils in the whole province. To prevent their being exploited by the *sowcar* and the petty trader, several multipurpose depots for the sale of grocery and other articles of daily use, on payment of cash and on credit, have been started throughout the Bhil country and West Khandesh has some 30 of these shops.

The Governor was pleased with the multi-purpose shop being conducted at Chinchpada.

The Bhils are being assisted in cultivating land and for this purpose several grain banks for loaning them grain, both for consumption and cultivation, have been started. There are 60 such grain banks in the district including one at Chinchpada. Another welfare activity in which His Excellency evinced keen interest was the model agricultural project at Chinchpada, started in 1944, with the object of bringing together a number of cultivators and carrying out agricultural operations on a consolidated basis. An agricultural officer has been specially appointed in charge of the project in which 32 Bhil cultivators and one Muslim have combined their holdings. The guidance of this officer, in all technical matters, is available to them. The cultivators carry out their work under the instructions of the officer and this co-operation has yielded excellent results. Improved agricultural methods under a system of well-irrigation, use of manures and modern implements have been intro-

duced and these methods also influence cultivation practices in the neighbouring countryside.

In the educational sphere, an activity for which there is an ever-increasing demand is the hostels for Bhil boys. Seven of these are run in the district at the expense of the Government and 10 others receive assistance from local boards and private bodies.

The Governor visited the Bhil boys' hostel at Chinchpada and was much impressed by the arrangements made for the comfort of boys who are doing extremely well in their studies.

A number of co-operative societies have also been started in the district for the benefit of Bhils and there are two industrial schools, one of which at Nawapur was inspected by His Excellency. Instruction in carpentry, cane work, leather work, rope-making and other trades is being imparted in these schools.

At the Kusumbe village, 12 miles from Dhulia, His Excellency declared open a co-operative society of tanners, started on the initiative of the Co-operative Department. He also saw the Taluka development plot for demonstration of modern methods of cultivation.

—*The Times of India*

The MYMENSING REBELLION

MYMENSING, February 4: Reports have reached here of serious disturbances near Susang, 40 miles from here, following 'direct action' by aboriginal tribesmen known as Hajangs, who have been agitating for the right to pay rent to their landlords in cash instead of in kind.

One report said that a mob of 'infuriated' Hajangs, carrying spears and other deadly weapons, clashed at Bairaitob village, with the police and speared two policemen to death. The police are reported to have fired a number of shots.

Reports of casualties among the Hajangs vary—one version said that a number of Hajangs were killed and wounded, and another version said three Hajangs were killed and a number of others wounded.

The District Magistrate and the Superintendent of Police have left Mymensingh with armed police for the Susang area.

It is reported that the whole of the partially excluded area of the district from end to the other, comprising the northern portions of Susang, Halangha, Naltabari and Serpar police stations, is in great ferment—A.P.I.

THE WARLI REBLLION

A

DAHANU (Bombay). 9 January—Four Warlis were killed as a result of police opening fire last evening on a mob of Warlis about 2,000 strong converging on the village of Nanioli on the outskirts of the adjoining Palghar taluka. A number of others who were wounded are believed to have been carried away by their comrades who dispersed after the police firing.

This is the first time that the trouble has spread to Palghar taluka.

Last night, a mob of 500 Warlis from the hills swooped down into the village of Saravli, three miles east of Dahanu. They broke into a number of farmsteads and destroyed haybaling presses belonging to landlords who were prevented from seeking police aid. News reached the authorities only this morning after the Warlis had returned to their hill resorts.

In Dahanu taluka—a taluka consisting of about 50,000 Warlis, mostly manual labourers working in forests—police authorities have now established a net work of outposts covering a group of over 130 affected villages. Leaving behind womenfolk and children in the villages the Warli labourers have migrated into the interior of the jungles and hills and refuse to return to their work of wood-cutting and grass-cutting for which the season is now in full swing. The taluka is mainly a timber supplying centre for the whole of the province.

A small number of Warlis, it is stated, have been persuaded to resume wood-cutting operations and work is expected to begin today under armed police protection.

High-ranking district officials are touring the villages in Dahanu taluka giving on-the-spot directives to their subordinates to handle the situation.

Except for three isolated instances of arson to hay-stacks and one case of road-blocking no reports of breach of the peace have

come in for the last two days. A small detachment of military which was requisitioned from Kalyan has now returned, as it was found that the job was one which could be handled better by the police.

Observers here—official and non-official alike—lay great stress on the pitiable economic condition of the Warlis which, according to them is primarily responsible for the present outbreak of the trouble. The Adivasi Mandal, of which Mr. B. G. Kher, Premier, was President until lately, has been doing a certain amount of uplift work.—A.P.I.

B

17 January 1947.

A state of undeclared war exists at present in the Dahanu Taluka of the Thana District between landlords and their aboriginal tenants.

The disturbances have reached so serious a pitch that isolated farm units are being stormed and attacked, and landlords are obliged to enter their estates only at their peril.

A detachment of the Maratha Light Infantry is standing to at Kalyan, and an advance guard of the regiment moved into Dahanu on Sunday afternoon to start immediately a reconnaissance of the Taluka.

Months of Communist propaganda have led to the present situation. The stormy petrel of the Communists is Mrs Godaveri Parulekar, who is regarded by the backward tribes as a 'Rani', and has gone underground. Orders for her externment have remained unserved.

Last week's disorders in the Taluka are known to include four dacoities, the destruction of four farm houses, an attack upon a police pose with serious injury to two constables, a mass attack on a forest contractor and landlord and numerous cases of vandalism and arson, the more serious of them being the setting fire to 300,000 lbs. of hay and the total destruction of two extensive orchards.

The disturbances are fraught with serious economic repercussions to this backward district as forest operations in which Rs. 2½

crores are said to have been invested by forest contractors, and which provide the main source of income to the local population, have been brought to a complete standstill. Agriculture has been affected as threshing has also stopped.

The immediate reaction of the incipient revolution in the Taluka is that normal charcoal supplies to Bombay city will be disturbed to a point which will be increasingly felt as the season advances.

The District Collector, Mr. I. T. Almaula, and the Superintendent of Police, Mr Shariff Khan, are both camping at Dahanu and the existing police force has been strengthened by 300 armed men from Thana. A number of fresh outposts have been established and day and night patrols instituted.

The economics of the excluded areas is the governing force of the wave of lawlessness which has engulfed the Taluka. The greater part of the district is a dense, forest, and through years of penury, what agricultural lands the Warlis possessed passed to their creditors. In such circumstances Communist propagandists had little difficulty in persuading the ignorant and then docile aborigines that they were the real owners of land and that, therefore, they need pay no rent. For a time this doctrine was accepted and led to trouble in 1945, which, however, was shortlived.

During the latter part of 1946, Communists re-established themselves in the area and a base was set up in a rented house at the Taluka headquarters. With the revival of trouble, prohibitory orders were promulgated and some of the leading Communists were externed. Others, however, went underground and are believed to be sponsoring the trouble even to the extent of heading foraying parties.

It is reported that the most prominent member of the Communist cell in Dahanu Taluka is Mrs Godavari Parulekar who has come to be regarded by the backward tribes as a *Rani*. An order for her externment has been issued but has remained unserved as the police say she cannot be traced. The primitive forests and wild country provide hide-outs for all seeking to avoid the process of law and the police attribute to this the nonservice of the externment order on Mrs Parulekar and two others.

Two factors that have contributed materially to recent large-scale attacks are: firstly a retaliatory attack on a Warli village by a landlord's followers; and a resurgence of Communist propaganda to counter-act the effect of the Prime Minister's recent visit to the adjoining Taluka of Palghar. About 300 Warlis from Dahanu Taluka attended the conference of Adivasis presided over by the Premier at Maswan. One of them, a Warli Police Patil's father, was attacked and injured for doing so.

There has been an unbroken series of incidents since that time, a fierce attack on a police party being reported on Friday. The party was patrolling the Kassa-Udhwa section of the Bombay-Ahmedabad Road when it was diverted to rescue a forest contractor's clerk at Sukhadamba, a village 27 miles from Dahanu. An attacking force of aboriginals dispersed on the arrival of the party, only to reform and overwhelm the force. A head constable and two constables escaped, but two others were beaten unconscious and left lying at the site. A stronger police party was rushed to the village and the injured constables have been brought to the Government dispensary.

While the landlords and forest contractors complain that want of firmness in suppressing the outbreaks has emboldened the lawless elements, the Warlis accuse landlords of exploitation and failure to pay them the minimum wages fixed by Government. To the landlords claim that in some estates the wages paid are even higher than the scheduled rates, the tenants' answer is that accounts are often manipulated to impress the authorities.

The District authorities affirm that the virus has not contaminated all the tribes nor has it spread throughout the Taluka. But coercion and intimidation, they say, are exercising a strangle-hold over wider sections. That the trouble is widespread, however, is indicated by the fact that all the forest lost in the Taluka, numbering 100, and employing 5,000 men, are deserted. Tree-felling is at a standstill and 3,000 carts normally employed in transporting timber from the forest areas to a creek-port near Dahanu are idle. Police protection has been offered to the forest contractors for resumption of operations.—*The Times of India*.

C

17 January 1947.

The Communist activities in inciting the aborigines of Dahanu and Umbergaon talukas, in the Thana District, to acts of violence against the life and property of the landlords, sowcars and contractors were severely condemned by Mr B. G. Kher, Prime Minister, of Bombay, presiding over the fifth annual general meeting of the Adivasi Seva Mandal at the Indian Merchants' Chamber Library Hall, Bombay, on Saturday evening.

These acts of violence, Mr Kher said, might be good enough for Russia. That might be the way of doing justice in that country. But these were not civilized methods: and they would do the aborigines no good.

In seeking redress for the aborigines, the members of the Mandal, which had been interested in the uplift of these classes, had not chosen that path. Where were these Communists seven years ago when the Mandal started its humanitarian work? Mr Kher asked, and added that their work might be slow, but it was the path of wisdom, and their 'battle' was based on the principles of non-violence.

If the Congress was successful in wresting power from the British Government to the extent that it had succeeded. Mr Kher wanted to know what would be the strength of the landlords and sowcars (money-lenders) of these talukas against which this class-war was being fought. In his opinion, it was not a question of wresting power from the landlords and sowcars, but only a question of restoring social justice to the aborigines.

The Communists were preaching ideologies which were foreign to the constitution of the soil. The members of the Mandal, who are also Congress men, had been accused of being handmaids to the capitalists, but the landlords hated them and abused them also until they saw the reason behind the Mandal's approach to the question of getting the grievances of the aborigines redressed. Therefore there was no question of the Mandal or the Congress being the handmaid of the landlords or sowcars.

It was, Prime Minister maintained, for the removal of the aborigines' grievances that the Tenancy Act was passed. They had

abolished forced labour, and their aim was to make the tiller of the soil the owner thereof. They did not want to attain their ends by ignoble means.

Besides the legislation enacted by Government, they had also started institutions for improving the lot of the aboriginals and had decided to spend Rs. one crore in this connection. They had also appointed officers and would appoint more officers to serve these people. The Congress had no political aims in these steps, and in serving the aboriginals they did not want to create any class war or achieve political power. Their motto was service of humanity.

Earlier, Mr Kher drew a vivid picture of the conditions of the aboriginals who lived in misery and ignorance and were slaves of the landlords, the forest contractors and the charcoal maker.

The aim of the Mandal was to make the aboriginals self-reliant. India had a population of 30,000,000 aboriginals, and their number in the province was 1,600,000. Thana District had a population of nearly 100,000, of which one third were Adivasis. He then gave an account of what the Mandal had done so far for the uplift of these people.

Mr Kher also announced his intention of retiring from the presidentship of the Mandal.

Mr J. P. Patel, Vice-President, said that the Mandal had placed before the Government concrete proposals for the uplift of the aboriginals. These proposals included the grant of land and subsidies to these people, prevention of exploitation of the aboriginals; the appointment of independent Government officials to look after their grievances; and provision for medical aid and education. He expressed the hope that Government and the people would help the aboriginals.

Mr Patel was elected President, and Mr V. V. Dandekar Vice-President. Mr D. N. Wandrekar and Mr S. R. Bhise were appointed Secretaries. The meeting appointed an advisory council which included Mr B. G. Kher, Mr Morarji Desai, Mr. G. D. Tapase and Mr G. D. Vartak—*The Times of India*

D

DAHANU, 26 January: Reports of the Warli trouble having spread to parts of Jawhar State have been received here.

Mr Pushottamdas Patel, a Patidar shopkeeper of Sogwa village, about two miles from the Dahanu Taluka limits, was forced to wear a lion-cloth—as a Warli—and was severely beaten. His shop was also looted. Another occupant of the house saved himself by hiding in a water closet.

A country liquor shop at the village of Nandhara was broken open and nearly 80 gallons of liquor removed.

From the village of Kankradi, in Dahanu taluka, comes a report of the forcible removal of ten goats belonging to a villager, by an armed Warli mob who also robbed him of Rs 230.

Warli strikers in villages close to the railway track and adjacent to big towns are in a turbulent mood as they do not feel any pecuniary pinch since their womenfolk have turned bread-winners and are seen daily selling head-loads of timber including teak, in many cases cut from the forests.

Warli in jungle areas are willing to resume work at once and earn some much-needed cash for their daily needs but are still afraid of marauding gangs. The Collector assured them of full protection from harassment.

The Bulsar Municipality; which has been complaining against the bad quality of the food grains supplied to the people in the rationed areas of Bulsar, has attached stocks of owner from an authorized retail distributor in the town on the ground that the same is unfit for human consumption.

A complaint has been filed in the court of a Bulsar Magistrate under the Municipal Act against the shop-keeper. As this is a test case, great interest has been aroused, among the public who feel that their just grievances will now be redressed.—*The Time of India*.

E

DAHANU, 10 February: Mr Karamchandani, Divisional Forest Officer, North Thana, had a miraculous escape when the jeep in which he was proceeding to the Akeghan forest coupe was halted by the driver just a few feet from a culvert on the road, a part of which was cut off by a Warli mob with a view to restricting traffic.

Reports of Warli activities continue to be received here. Hay

was burnt in Uplat village in Umbergaon Taluka. At Amonpada a toddy booth was looted and burnt. Sixteen bullock-carts carrying timber were smashed at Kainad village in Dahanu Taluka.

Hari Anant Virkar, a Communist worker who was served with an order of externment from Thana District was found by the police at Kochai village in Umbergaon Taluka and arrested.

F

1 February 1947. Attempts to counteract the activities of Communistincited gangs would shortly be launched by the Adivasi Seva Mandal, which was organized by Mr. B. G. Kher in 1939 and had since been working for the economic and social uplift of the aboriginal tribes in Thana District, Mr. D. N. Wandrekar, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Backward Classes, told a meeting of the Progressive Group at Green's Hotel, Bombay on Thursday. Mr H. J. H. Talyarkhan presided.

A picked band of the Mandal's workers would live among the Warlis, the immediate task set to them being to restore confidence among the Warlis. The mass of Warlis, Mr Wandrekar stated, were against any kind of violence and were eager, to start work.

Mr Wandrekar, who has been working for the Adivasis for 25 years, gave a picture of the conditions in which they live and his impressions of his recent vist to Thana District. He enumerated the various measures adopted by Government to raise the economic standard of the aboriginal tribes, such as the application of the Tenancy Act, the appointment of a special officer to help them in asserting their rights and the fixing of minimum wages for forest work.

After the Congress Ministry went out of office in 1939, Mr Wandrekar said, there was renewed exploitation of the aboriginal tribes by the landlords, though not on the scale it had existed previously. The absense of a rise in the wages for agricultural labour, corresponding to the rise in the wages for forest work, led to unrest among the Warlis, who went on strike for the first time during the harvesting season of 1944. It was at that juncture that the Communists entered the field. They had succeeded in turning a few Warli youths into dacoits and gangsters. Though some of the Communist leaders had been externed from the District, there were others who secretly incited the Warlis to violence.

Mr. Talyarkhan said the Premier of Bombay proposed beringing about 100 Adivasis to Bombay and accommodating them in his own residence, where people wishing to acquaint themselves with the conditions of life in the Warli tracts could meet the Adivasis personally.

Films depicting the recent tour of the Premier and Mr. Wandrekar to Maswan, Dahanu and Umbergaon talukas of Thana, were shown, a running commentary being provided by Mr Wandrekar—*The Times of India*.

G

DAHANU, 1 March ; There appears to be a recrudescence of Warli trouble in the Dahanu taluka. Two more incidents, involving incendiarism and looting, have been reported. Hay, worth Rs. two thousand, belonging to a Dahanu landlord, was burnt in Bapgaon village, 20 miles from Dahnau. In Ambivali village, Warli mob, led by a village police patil, belaboured a toddy booth owner and removed forcibly his cash and clothes and later set fire to the toddy booth.

News having been recived of serious Warli trouble in Ozar village, 35 miles from Dahanu, the Additional District Police Superintendent, Dahanu, visited Ozar with a police party.

The manufacture and transport of charcoal and timber have received a serious setback on account of the recrudescence of violence.

In Ozar village a mob attacked charcoal kilns and burned eight wagonloads of charcoal.

In Kaihodi. charcoal burners were assaulted and made to run leaving the manufacture unfinished.

The same mob way laid and attacked bullock carts which were proceeding to forest lots to transport charcoal and timber to Dahanu, damaging 125 carts.

News of this fresh trouble spread quickly and several hundreds of carts, which were going to the jungles, and returning to Dahanu empty. This has disorganized the transport of charcoal, timber and firewood to Dahanu.

—*The Times of India*

REVIEWS

MALAY FISHERMEN

RAYMOND FIRTH, *Malay Fishermen: their Peasant Economy* (xii, 354 pp. ; 16 Plates, 27 Figures, map. London, Kegan Paul, 1946, Price. 25).

THE whole problem of India's fisheries is nowadays receiving a great deal of attention, and *Malay Fishermen* by the Professor of Anthropology in the University of London will be of special interest to scientists and administrators who are concerned with the subject in this country. *Malay Fishermen* is marked by the thoroughness, exactitude and stylistic charm that characterizes all Professor Firth's work. It deals both with the technological and economic aspects of the subject and a final chapter applies its scientific conclusions to the problem of how to improve both fisheries and the lot of the fishermen. Professor Firth makes the important point that if the Malay fisherman (and we may certainly add the Indian fisherman also) is to handle new and more complex equipment, he must be trained to do so ; in any policy of development a programme of technical education must be included. And the fisherman, must be made to feel that this policy is not just being imposed upon him from above, but that he has a real stake in it ; that he is capable of working it and obtaining benefit from it ; and that is a policy in which individual interest is best forwarded by community action.

Professor Firth suggests some general angles of approach to a scheme of education for fishermen—enlargement of village education to include material on the fishing industry and its importance ; the provision of travelling cinemas and broadcasting vans for instruction in fish biology, new forms of netting and curing, or the construction of an oil engine ; local exhibitions of fishing equipment and demonstrations of their use ; the institution of local fishermen's committees to discuss development policy and how best it can be put into effect. These things, in India as in Malay, will doubtless be of benefit, but Professor Firth's warning should not be ignored. 'To raise the standard of a peasant society involves major questions of social and economic policy—on capital expenditure ; on the relations which it is desired to maintain between Malays and Chinese ; on the plantation system and on indust-

rialization ; on the aims of colonial government itself. The scientist may have his ideas about what should be done, but he is usually in no position to implement them, even if he was competent to do so'.

I have emphasized the practical 'applied' importance of this book, but it has other merits. As a work of pure science it is clear objective, and above all easy to read. Its illustrations are delightful. It is a model for anyone who would undertake similar investigations around the coast of India.

WATER TRANSPORT

JAMES HORNELL, *Water Transport*. (xv, 308 pp. 87 photographs, 69 figures in text, map, Cambridge University Press 1946, Price, 30) Those of our pandits in India who seem to think that fortnight's field-work is quite sufficient as the basis for a monograph, and consider that they are heroes if they remain a full month in the field, will do well to peruse the following account of the research that went to make the writing of *Water Transport*.

'For several years I had charge of the Pearl Fisheries carried on by the Government of Ceylon in the Gulf of Mannar ; these fisheries act as load-stone attracting to the fishing banks every type of fishing boat working out of the harbours of South India, together with those of the Jaffna Peninsula in the north of Ceylon. Later, upon transfer to India, I had opportunities during the ensuing seventeen years to visit all the fishing ports and hamlets strung out along the coasts of the Indian Peninsula, from Baluchistan and the mouths of the Indus in the north-west to Cape Comorin in the south, thence northward to the delta of the Ganges. On various occasions the river craft of the Ganges, the Brahmaputra and the Irrawadi were subjects of study. A visit rich in results was made to Japan, China and Indo-China in 1907.

'A memorable and fruitful coasting cruise in 1918 through the maze of islands forming the Malay Archipelago afforded unique opportunities for the study of the great range in the designs of the small craft characteristic of Indonesia—from Sumatra in the west to New Guinea in the east.

'Subsequent to my retirement from service with the Madras Government in 1924, a generous grant from the Percy Sladen Fund

enabled me to participate in the St. George Expedition to the South Sea. An outstanding result of this was the collection of a vast body of data concerning the outrigger craft of Polynesia and Fiji. This, when written up, formed eventually Part I of the *Canoes of Oceania*, a monograph by the late Dr A. C. Haddon and myself, Published by the Bernice P. Bishop Museum, Honolulu.

'During the following years the Colonial Office entrusted me from time to time with the investigation of the potentialities of the fishing industry in a number of British colonies. These missions enabled me to study in turn, and under the most favourable conditions, the local fishing and coasting craft of Sierra Leone, Mauritius, the Seychelles Islands, Malta, Palestine and Fiji. Investigations have likewise been carried out from time to time in Italy, Cyprus, Egypt and the Nile, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, Uganda and Baroda : also of the many types of sea-craft to be seen in the ports of the Red Sea, the Gulf of Aden and along the coasts of Kenya, Tanganyika, Madagascar, Mozambique and Angola.

'Collections in Australian, New Zealand and Canadian Museums have been examined in detail : so, too, have those of many of the greater museums in Europe—in Scandinavia, Germany, France, Portugal and Italy. In America, British Columbia, Panama, Trinidad and the western coast of the Republic of Columbia have been visited.'

It is true, of course, that while we must admire Mr Hornell's scholarship we may also envy him his luck. He has had rather exceptional opportunities to get about. But how wonderfully he has used those opportunities ! There are not many anthropological works to which the adjective 'splendid' can properly be applied, but this is one of them. In matter, style, illustration, in the whole care and patience of its genius, in the beauty of its printing, Mr Hornell's book is a splendid one.

Mr Hornell has taken the whole world, or most of it, as his province and he divides his studies of boats into three groups—floats, rafts and kindred craft ; skin boats—coracles, curraghs, kayaks : and bark canoes, dugouts and plank-built craft. He describes their construction and use and his discussions of how the various types have evolved are fascinating and important

Hornell's work is functional in the best sense ; round a centre of material investigation he builds his studies of religion and economics associated with the subject. There are many line-drawings and no fewer than 87 first-rate photographs (many by the author himself) collected at the end of the book.

THE KOLS

W. G. GRIFFITHS, *The Kol Tribe of Central India*. (xiv, 234 pp. Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal, 1946)

Dr Griffiths, who was for many years a missionary of the Methodist Church in Jubbulpore, has given us a serviceable monograph on the Kols, a people about whom there has been much confusion and on whom there has, curiously, been only a little written. The Kols do not seem to be a very attractive folk, and this may account for their neglect by anthropologists, nor—if we are to trust Dr Griffiths' account—do they present today many features of ethnographic interest. But such communities, half-way between tribalism and untouchability, offer important problems of acculturation and it is unfortunate that we have so few studies of untouchables and low-caste Hindus. We still, for example, lack an authoritative book on the Doms : we have little on the Ghasias, or the Kalars or the Chandals or the sweepers ; we have only a short and rather too missionary-minded a book on the Chamars. Books on the barbers, washermen and sweepers, if written with intimacy and insight, might well be of the greatest interest.

Dr B. S. Guha contributes an admirable foreword, as we might expect from one who touches nothing that he does not adorn. But surely in his account of the changing attitude of missionaries to anthropology the distinction between his second and third types is not made sufficiently clear. Dr Guha divides missionary-anthropologists into three classes, which may be historically distinguished. There is first the missionary who regards all other religions as wrong and who studies them primarily to refute them. For him, in fact, anthropology is simply a stick with which to beat the heathen. Then there is the missionary who has grown more liberal and who has adopted the battle-cry made popular by Farquar sometime ago—'Christianity is the Crown of Hinduism.' The non-Christian faiths are wrong, that is true, but there is something in them ; they are leading up to something ; their goal and fulfilment is Christia-

nity. Here we see the influence of the doctrine of evolution, which had an enormous effect—for all the sermons preached against it—on the Churches. Briggs' book on the Chamars is of this type, so is the fine *Rites of the Twice-Born* by Mrs Sinclair Stevenson. Finally, we have the missionary of entirely scientific outlook, the trained anthropologist, who keeps his religious and scientific work in separate compartments. This is not to suggest that these missionaries no longer desire to convert the non-Christian or that they do not think him wrong; Dr Guha mentions Dr W. C. Smith and Mr H. L. Marshall, both of whom were keen and successful missionaries. But they do not mix up their religion with their anthropology; they do not use their science to sweeten the pill of propaganda.

Unfortunately Dr Griffiths' book is badly written, badly printed and badly illustrated. Dr Griffiths can take a good photograph if he tries, as witness a few delightful full-page pictures; but why does he want to fill up his book with a lot of inferior illustrations, reproduced in small size? The linedrawings too are poor. Dr Griffiths' style sometimes lapses into the ungrammatical and even the incoherent, and his proof-reading leaves much to be desired. He is unusually inconsistent in his reference and footnotes, and he sometimes gets the titles of his books wrong.

For example, Dr Griffiths refers to Forsyth as 'Forsythe' (p. 297); he gives the name of Elwin's book as *The Baigas*; he gives the title of one of Crooke's most famous works in three different ways: on p. 4—*The Tribes and Castes of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh*; on p. 33—*Tribes and Castes of the Northwest Provinces and Oudh*. on p. 33—*Tribes und Castes of the Northwest Provinces and Oudh*. The name of Russell and Hiralal's great work in the not *The Tribes and Castes of Central Provinces*. In footnotes, sometimes the abbreviation Vol. is inserted: sometimes it is omitted; the number of the volume is sometimes in caps, sometimes in l.c.: in some references the date is given, in others not: in some an author gets his initials, sometimes he does not. Ibid. is spelt in three different ways within half a dozen pages—on p. 40 it is *Ibid*, Vol II; on p. 41 it is *Ibid*, Vol ii; on p. 45 it is *Ibid*. Vol. II. Compare also p. 13—'See Plate vii.; p. 86—'See Plate VIII'; and p. 109—'See plate XII'. These are no doubt small matters, and

every author (including this reviewer) must be uncomfortably aware of similar inconsistencies in his own work. But if the general standard of book-publication is to be raised in India, these things must be regularly and inexorably pointed out.

These strictures apart, Dr Griffiths is to be congratulated on his labour of love, on the thoroughness with which he has completed his task and for the service he has rendered to all anthropologists by filling in a tiresome gap in the records.

SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY

KIMBALL YOUNG. *Handbook of Social Psychology*. (578 pp. Kegan Paul. 1946, Price 21/)

This is a new edition of a famous book originally published fifteen years ago. During the interval the field of social psychology has greatly expanded. Professor Kimball Young himself considers that among the many advances in this field there are four which are most important. First, motivation is far better understood today than it was in the twenties.

‘After a period of overstressing environment and learning in the determination of human motives—itself a counteraction against the stress placed on original instincts by MacDougall and Freud—we now realize that, though social-cultural training greatly modifies original nature and gives it a certain pitch and direction, we cannot escape the fact that there are universal and basic drives which provide the foundation for our adult motives, be they security, mastery, power, love, sociability, or others. Second, it has become increasingly clear that social interaction is absolutely essential to the development of personality. We are not at the outset isolated individuals with drives, habits, attitudes, and ideas, who are later socialized. Rather, from birth on, the individual operates within a social matrix. With regard to this fact, the work of George Herbert Mead has at last become fully recognized. Third, the measurement of traits, opinions, and attitudes has been tremendously extended and improved in objectivity. Personality testing and polling of individuals for opinions have become widely accepted and the results of many investigations are being used for purposes of prediction and control. In this respect, social psychology is gradually taking on the stature of a science. Finally, the linkage of social psychology

and the other social sciences, especially cultural anthropology, has become more certain and fruitful. Under the broad rubric of culture and personality, a number of important contributions have been made. The attempt to trace in detail the emergence of personality with reference to constitutional make-up operating in a social and cultural milieu is being rapidly extended to the profit of social psychology and the social sciences.

This new edition of the Handbook takes note of all these things and completely supersedes the earlier edition. There are many additional chapters; there is one on the social life of monkeys and apes—in order to illustrate the pre-human sources of social interaction. There are two chapters on the elements and mechanisms which enter into the rise of the social self. Interesting and important new sections are those on the psychology of revolution and the psychology of war and wartime morale. Professor Young pays proper attention to the growing importance of such new forms of mass communication as the motion picture and the radio, and he devotes two whole chapters to the vexed topic of propaganda. In his final chapter he attempts a sketch—perhaps the most brilliant thing in a brilliant book—of the nature and use of power.

This handbook is as essential as a dictionary, as useful as a small encyclopaedia.

GENERAL ANTHROPOLOGY

DURGA BHAGWAT, *A Primer of Anthropology*. (48 pp. Padma Publications, Baroda. 1946. Price Re 1).

This is an interesting and readable pamphlet; it is a very pleasant 'piece of work' obviously written by someone with a sympathetic and understanding mind. Miss Bhagwat loves her people and the fragrance of that affection breathes through her pages and wins our hearts for them. The pamphlet is fresh and original and makes the aboriginals alive in a way that most academic productions fail to do. It is not, however, correctly named *A Primer of Anthropology*. Anthropology is not exclusively, perhaps not even primarily, concerned with primitive folk, and Miss Bhagwat does not deal with basic technical questions of anthropology at all.

Miss Bhagwat's list of tribes in the opening chapter is singularly incomplete and not quite accurate. The Khonds, for

example, are to be found mainly in Orissa, not Madras; the Asurs are mainly in Chota Nagpur, and surely the Mundas live in Bihar, not Assam.

On page 23 Miss Bhagwat tends to exaggerate a little. 'Among the Bhaina Baigas, for instance,' she says, I was astounded to find that square meal once in three days was the normal routine of their life. The luxury of a full meal, few have enjoyed even once in their life-time.' It is true that some tribesmen live very near the starvation-level, but there are others who are far more prosperous than the ordinary plains villagers; some Saoras, for example, are actually rich, so are many of the well-to-do Gond farmers. The wilder tribes supplement their diet with every kind of forest produce and they often, even now, are able to feast on the triumphs of the chase. The reviewer has taken part, again and again, in splendid meals on special festal occasions even among the wildest and poorest of India's hillmen.

FOLKART

SAILOZ MOOKHERJEA, *Folk Art of India* (Dhoomi Mal Dharam Das, 1946. Price, Rs. 25).

Mr Sailoz Mookherjea has already won no small reputation as an artist of versatility and purpose. He has travelled widely; he visited Buddhist monasteries in Tibet and Sikkim to study Indo-Tibetan art; in 1937 he enjoyed an enviable 'Grand Tour' of Europe and on his way home made some study of art in Egypt. But although he has had ample opportunity to investigate the most modern techniques, Mr Mukherjea has found himself turning more and more to Indian folk-art for his inspiration. As Mr Koons observes in his foreword to the present volume, 'The problem which Mr Mukherjea has set before himself is to combine the sophisticated technique learned in the west with the feeling and emotion that must come from the heart of India in order to help the growth of genuine modern Indian art.' Mr Koons continues, and most people will agree with his words, that 'Mr Mookherjea's drawings are sensitive, delicate and atmospheric, his paintings sparkle with warm pleasant colour and are bold and simple in line and pattern, showing the deep influence of the native folk tradition.'

Mr Koons, however, is wrong in using the word 'research' in

connection with this book. He tells us that it contains some 'most interesting examples of art—painted palm-leaf cards from Orissa and small frescoes in vegetable colour in northern India.' But although of two of the reproductions we are told that they are 'Painted on Palm leave crad' (sic), we are given no hint at all about the origin of the other paintings. We are not told whether they are exactly reproduced from folk originals; we are not told what sort of people made them or where; we are not even given a list of plates and the plates themselves are unnumbered. This is a pity, for if Mr Moohkerjea had documented his work better it would have been something more than a collection of interesting and unusual pictures in their own right; it might well have been an important contribution to scholarship. We trust that next time Mr Mookherjea brings out a work on folk-art he will add a little literature to his painting and tell us what it is all about.

WITHOUT COMMENT

SNOW BALLS OF GARHWAL (Folk-Culture Series, edited by D. N. Majumdar. Universal Publishers, 1946. Price, Rs. 3/12).

A few quotations with punctuation etc. exactly reproduced will serve to illustrate the scientific and artistic qualities of this remarkable work.

From D. N. Majumdar's chapter on 'The Malaise of Culture'—

Declared an old patriarch of a village, 'our girls are gone, they do not return home at night and the boys pine for them.' 'Do not worry father' said a young maiden in my presence, 'I shall fetch you clothes and sweets but do not be peevish' and she touched the cheeks of her aged father asking him not to bandy words; "no ! no ! mum !" beckoned she in the fashion of a skilled society girl.

From Sir Sitaram's chapter on "Indian Folklore"—

It may be said that I am a bit crazy. But I feel rather strongly, being somewhat of an antiquarian. Along with the collection of folklore the few cheap prescriptions used effectively by elderly among us in ordinary ailments or as first-aid should be preserved. They suits the pockets of the people and come very handy in the absence of medical relief.

From N. S. Bhandari's section headed 'Snow Balls of Garhwal' on p. 19 and 'Snowballs of Garhwal' on p. 20 :—

Two years ago, one morning I had been to the Lucknow Railway station to see off my teacher, Dr D.N. Majumdar. There were a number of other students as well, my class friends.... In the course of a conversation, Dr Majumdar addressed me as a folklorist. My friends burst into laughter, peals of it. It was then that I resolved to earn the epithet conferred on me by my teacher.

From the same (p. 75)—

Ten and six *Jeth's* I have
And full fifteen *Dewars*,
Yet Mahendra, my *dewar*, whom I dearly love.
Is sweetest to me of them all.
Do not come, O' Mahendra.
Do not come with light in your hand,
Do not come in the night with light in your hand.
Lest people see you creeping in.
Do not come in the night,
Mahendra ! my charming dear,
Do not make any noise,
Lest my children weep.

(But Mahendra does not turn up. God knows why ? His Bhaviparamour, makes all necessary preparations to receive him, but He sorely disappoints her. Thus sings the Bhavi in despair, rather in a repentant mood.)

'I cleansed my curves and corners,
For my brother-in-law's sake.
But he fled away to foreign land
I waited for him all in vain.'

FOLK-SONGS

VERRIER ELWIN, *Folk-Songs of Chhattisgarh*. With a Comment by W. G. Archer (Ixi, 466 pp. Published for *Man in India* by the Oxford University Press, 1946. Price, Rs. 15)

FOLK-SONGS of *Chhattisgarh* is an exciting book and that is the only justification for this incompetent review of an important book by the leading anthropologist in India.

Verrier Elwin is one of those very few who have brought out of the specialists, jungle to the wide field of human life as it is lived. And those of us, who are just human beings and are interested in such are grateful to an ordinary man endowed only with common sense and love of life, human life as it is lived is a much more important object of study than the high technicalities of somewhat imaginary theories of race or the shape of the skull. We are doubly grateful to Verrier Elwin and William Archer, because they have, through their own work and through *Man in India*, helped knowledge of a large section of Indian life and because they have brought into Indian anthropology that necessary bias towards the study of cultural patterns, without which knowledge of social organization quite unreal.

Further, being interested in the writing of verse, one always finds these folksongs to be of great use in considerations of the technical problems of verse.

I admit with shame that I came across the work done by Elwin and Archer only a year ago. However I remember the thrill I experienced when I first came to read their beautiful translations of these songs by our people. I felt at once that apart from simple delight they raised problems which had been my own problems and also posed the answers in a way which I might call my own as well. So when I received a copy of *Folk-Songs of Chhattisgarh*, some of which I had the privilege to read earlier the pleasure of friendship was renewed. W. G. Archer's Comment and Elwin's own notes, however, were something new for me. As Archer has pointed out, Elwin, like Arthur Waley, has contributed a new contemporary note to the already rich section of literary translation into English and thereby added his own gift to the sensibility of modern English poetry. That it is not an accidental achievement by one who is primarily anthropologist can be seen in the consistency of this quality through Elwin's book; and further proof is there in Elwin's excellent notes.

Archer raises one of the major questions which all writers have to ask themselves, if they are at all serious about literature and life; How far does social or communal (in the non-Indian sense) unity

determine the process, the act and the product of communication that is poetry ?

In his discussion of the various horns of this question, Archer—as well as Elwin himself in the body of the text—very usefully bring into a wider focus the symbolist poets of France and their rather later followers in England. As Archer suggests, symbols in poetry acquire their poetic function, when there is a measure of agreement about a communal enrichment of values. And that of course can happen when society is based on some pattern other than the antisocial pattern of class division, in a society like that of our pre-Aryan tribes or in the Soviet Union. It is true, as Archer reminds us, that as yet communism is too young and has not grown its sanction of social tradition. But, in the meantime, there is Mayakavsky's great verse, there is Pasternak, who, with Rilke and Valery wrote the subtlest symbolist verse in his own Soviet land. I wish Archer had discussed how Eluard and Aragon developed into Communist and how their very popular propaganda poems could satisfy the highbrows in England, where that species seem to have settled down. It would have been interesting to know the relation between highbrow symbolism which acquires its purity through elimination or negatively and the allegorical symbolism of aboriginal or propaganda poetry, where the symbol is not the end-result of purification. However, in poetry, even in the liberal highbrow kind, as in the primitive and communist, there is scope for both, as Collingwood remarked and it may be even one, if the split personality of the poet can achieve moments of wholeness.

Elwin, in this book, has covered the whole of life and while not all the songs are of equal beauty, the whole book reveals his integral vision. His scholarly notes reveal that life should be approached as one. The most exquisite lovesongs therefore mingle with political cries and satires on the Karhari-like sub-inspector of police. To do justice to the book, one should not quite. But I would like to remark here that the nature of the symbols which hold these songs is such to me at first reading but when I come to know their Chhattisgarhi meaning with the help of Elwin's introduction and notes, they appear more like conceits or allegorical images. The difference can be paralleled if we think of carving and modelling.

Or in another way one might suggest that allegorical images and conceits are ready-made symbols, like mathematical symbols where as the modern symbolist poem should achieve its end as a symbol in one of the poem. The difference is more or less the difference between Coleridge's fancy and imagination. In that sense perhaps there is difference between poets like Rilke and Pasternak and a poet like Dylan Thomas whom Archer mentions. Most of the lovely songs of Chhattisgarh belong to the readymade image kind, they do not acquire the meaning which musical symbols do in a composition, as a result and in the process of composition itself.

It is quite apparent why this difference between fancy and imagination should stamp almost all folk poetry. It is to a certain extent dependent on the stage of self-consciousness, (which no doubt is negative in origin but in so far it is a relation, negates its origin and becomes an affirmation) on the depth and duration of its habits formation, also on its purity. That explains the difference between the symbolism of Eliot and that of Yeats. In some of Eliot's verse, the emerging image acquires its own validity and is not dependent at least only on its reference value. In W. B. Yeats one finds Irish legends and Indian magic imported into his loneliness and the symbols are not quite pure as abstractions. And they cannot be expected to be so in primitive poetry.

But most of the beautiful songs which Dr Elwin has translated have symbols which have their own poetical aura. Perhaps that is how life impinges itself on folksongs or agit-verse. Perhaps the poetical aura appears so to me, because I am a Bengali and very closely connected with the oldest elements of the Indian people. I know up till now protective anthropologists have looked down upon us as more non-aboriginals, but the cultural affinities between the non-Aryan tribes and the Bengali are obvious. The similarity of attitudes between the Santal and the Bengali to various aspects of life is surprisingly close. As Jamini Roy said to W. G. Archer: 'We too are Santals.' Which is one more reason why *Folk-songs of Chhattisgarh* delights me.

BISHNU DAY

KASHMIRI LYRICS

J. L. KAUL *Kashmiri Lyrics*. With a Foreward by Amarnath Jha. (xvii 172 pp; Rinemisray, Kashmir 1945, Price, Rs. 3/8)

Mr Kaul's *Kashmiri Lyrics* is a symptom of the new interest in the folk-poetry of India, an interest which *Man in India* can claim some share in reviving. It is perhaps unfortunate that many of those who so enthusiastically venture on free verse rendering of their collections into English should not always be very proficient either in that language or in the art of free verse. Free verse means a little more than just chopping bits of prose into lines of unequal length and then setting them out one below the other. It is one of the hardest of all forms of art to achieve with distinction, and needs both a peculiar gift and years of practice.

Mr Kaul, I am afraid, is one of those literary gift (at least in a foreign language) is not quite equal to his scholarship and enthusiasm. He admits this, 'for me,' he says, 'the original is the thing, not the translation.' But apart from this his book has great merit. The originals are carefully presented in a sort of phonetic script and there is an excellent introduction by the author and an interesting foreword by Dr Amarnath Jha.

The lyrics printed here are not folk-songs collected for the first time : They are a selection from the classical verse of Kashmir. The history of that verse is divided by Mr Kaul into four periods. The first is that of the fourteenth century mystic poetess Lal Ded who gave expression to the monistic Saivism of the Trika School, and her younger contemporary Sheik Nur-ud-Din, the second period is fully illustrated in this anthology—it covers the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the big names are Haba Khatun and Arnimal with their characteristic lol-lyrics of human love. The nineteenth century ushers in the third period, the age of Mahmud Gami and Parmanand, with much Persian influence and many lyrics composed on the ras-lila pattern. The fourth period began with the great Mahjur in the twenties of the present century and is characterized by new themes, such as Mahjur's own *The Country Lass* and *Our Country is a Garden*, and a modern note such as is sounded by Pandit Rinda Kaul with his present-day idioms, new rhyme-schemes and rhyme-patterns and haunting refrains.

I have criticized Mr Kaul's use of the English language (he really should not, for example, give us lines like—'The sweat of my brow are dropping like a pearl'), yet in some of his versions he achieves real poetry, poetry that might well be permanent, if only he

would watch the details of idiom a little more carefully. But there is no doubt whatever that Mr Kaul belongs to the company of poets and I wish I could read the work he does in his own language, it must be most beautiful.

A PIONEER OF INDIAN STUDIES

A. J. ARBERRY, *Asiatic Jones*. (40 pp., 9 plates. For the British Council by Longmans, Green, London, 1946 Price, 2/)

The bicentenary of the birth of Sir William Jones has been celebrated in India at meetings of the great Society which is his chief monument in Asia, the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal, and now a volume of essays is to be published under the auspices of the School of Oriental and African Studies in the University of London. The pamphlet before us is a preliminary and most attractive account of the scholar who was described by Dr Johnson as 'the most enlightened of the sons of men.'

Dr Arberry has done his work well, the relevant facts of Jones's life are given and they are illustrated not only by many delightful quotations, but by a number of admirably reproduced pictures. The oil painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds is printed in full colour and there are pictures of Oxford and the Middle Temple in the eighteenth century as well as several portraits of Jones himself at different periods of his life.

William Jones was a Londoner, the son of a Fellow of the Royal Society, to which he himself was elected at the age of twenty six. He went to Harrow, where he became famous for his prodigious memory—he once wrote out *The Tempest* by heart. He wrote poems and, even while he was at school, collected them into an anthology and wrote a miniature epic on the invention of chess. He went to Oxford, to University College, where he applied himself to Arabic and Persian and for a time maintained at his own expense an Arab from Aleppo. His grammar of the Persian language was published in 1771, when he was only twenty-five. It was frequently reprinted and long remained the standard work on the subject. Two years later Jones was elected a member of the Club, Dr Johnson's immortal coterie, four weeks before Boswell. Here he enjoyed the society of such men as Gibbon, Sheridan, Burke, Garrick and of course Johnson himself. There now followed a rather barren period

when Jones, encouraged by his friends, indulged in politics, an arena wherein his special gifts did not find their best development. At the same time, however, he continued his legal studies and one of his books—an essay on the Law of Bailments—was regarded as a classic at the time. There then arose the possibility of a post in India; a Judgeship in the High Court of Bengal fell vacant and Jones exerted himself to obtain the appointment which he believed would ‘give the finishing stroke of his Oriental knowledge.’ This took some time, but on 4 March 1783, he was appointed and a Knighthood was conferred upon him. He was married a month later and he sailed with his wife the same week.

As the ship bore him across Asiatic waters, Jones expressed his feelings in one of the most beautiful passages ever written about Asia by an Englishman. ‘When I was at sea last August, on my voyage to this country, which I had long and ardently desired to visit, I found one evening, on inspecting the observations of the day, that India lay before us, and Persia on our left, while a breeze from Arabia blew nearly on our stern. A situation so pleasing in itself, and to me so new, could not fail to awaken a train of reflection in a mind which had early been accustomed to contemplate with delight the eventful histories, and agreeable fictions of this Eastern world. It gave me inexpressible pleasure to find myself in the midst of so noble an amphitheatre, almost encircled by the vast regions of Asia which has ever been esteemed the nurse of sciences, the inventress of delightful and useful arts, the scene of glorious actions, fertile in the production of human genius, abounding in natural wonders, and infinitely diversified in the forms of religion and government, in the laws, manners, customs, and languages, as well as in the features and complexions of men; I could not help remarking how important and extensive a field was yet unexplored, and how many solid advantages unimproved.’

Almost immediately after his arrival in Calcutta, Jones applied himself to a project which he had long had in mind, the creation of a learned society in Calcutta broadly on the lines of the Royal Society in London. His proposal met with an enthusiastic response and the Asiatic Society of Bengal held its first meeting in January 1784, under the presidentship of Jones himself. Jones continued to be President until his death and under his guidance the Society made

great advances towards the realization of its purpose, the 'enquiry into the history and antiquities, arts, science and literature of Asia.'

At the same time Jones threw himself into the study of Sanskrit—'by rising before the sun I allot an hour everyday to Sanskrit, and am charmed with knowing so beautiful a sister of Latin and Greek.' He began to specialize also in botany and spent a great deal of time on the most ambitious of his undertaking—the compilation of a complete digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws. 'It is my ambition,' he exclaimed, 'to know India better than any European ever knew it,' add some time later he declared that the aim of his life was 'a complete knowledge of India.' He had once said that he held every day lost in which he acquired no new knowledge of man or nature and certainly during his years in India his devotion to Sanskrit, to law, to botany and score of other interests was indefatigable. But the climate before long proved too much for him. Lady Jones had to return to England on account of continual ill-health and Jones himself finally died of a complaint common among Europeans in Bengal at that time, an inflammation of the liver, at the early age of forty-six.

Sir William Jones had a great and lasting influence both in the realm of oriental studies, to whose pursuit he gave unrivalled stimulus, and also to English poetry. His own verse was not of the highest quality, but his translations, which introduced the rich imagery of Asia to the West, influenced most of the literary men of the nineteenth century. 'Southey and Moore often quote Jones's works in their copious notes; that Shelley and Tennyson borrowed from him in their *Queen Mab* and *Locksley Hall* has lately been proved by Prof. E. Koepfel. Byron also seems to have read some at least of his works; and besides this direct influence that he had on various English poets, there is the indirect one of having generally drawn attention to oriental literature.'

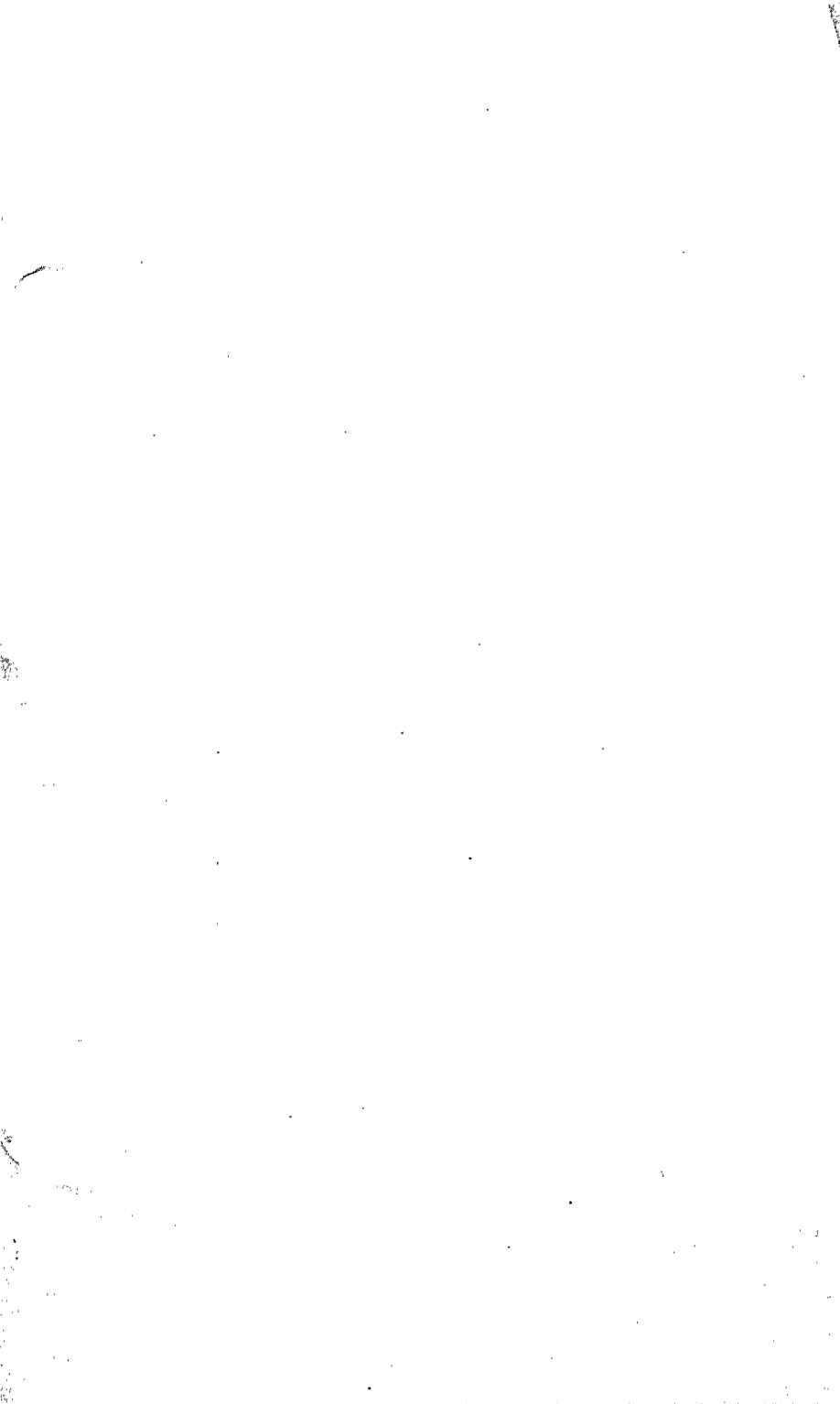
Jones was a man not only of great natural gifts and immense industry, but his sincerity and modesty impressed all his friends. In the breadth of his vision he was far in advance of his age. He recognized in Islam and Hinduism noble and venerable creeds. In all his writing there is no trace of sectarian bigotry. His attitude to crime

and punishment was equally liberal. He recognized no frontiers of race or colour.

To read this brief sketch of Jones's life and influence is to be taken into a lofty and serene world where the things of the mind attain the dignity of supreme values. The intellectual world of India is in debt to Dr Arberry for his admirable work of piety.

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